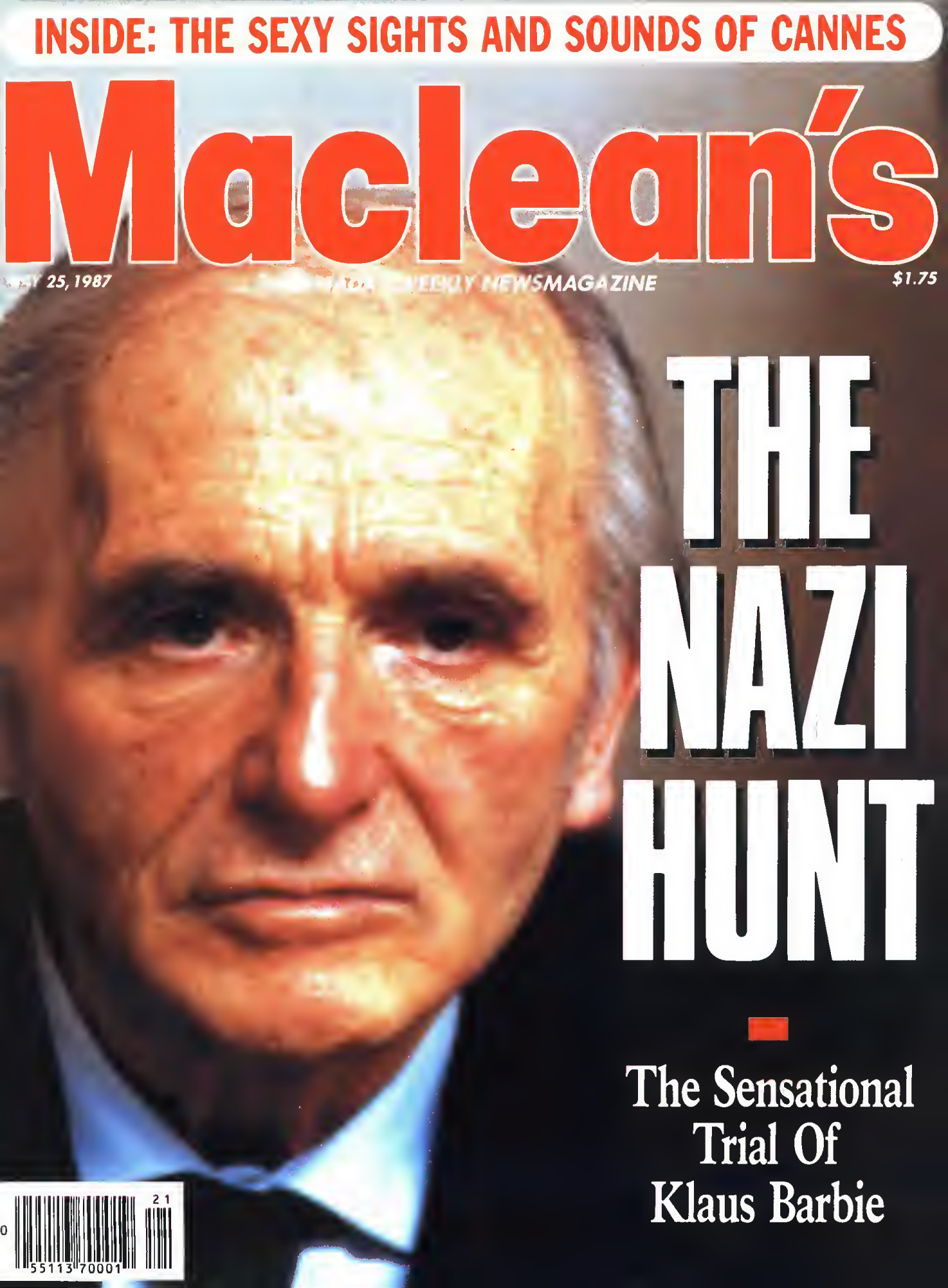
INSIDE: THE SEXY SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF CANNES

Maclean's

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THE NAZI HUNT

The Sensational Trial Of Klaus Barbie

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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MAY 25 1987, VOL 100 NO 21



A man with a mandate

Derek Burney, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's new low-key chief of staff, has quickly established himself as one of the most influential men in Ottawa —*Page 10*



Canada's long glide to gold

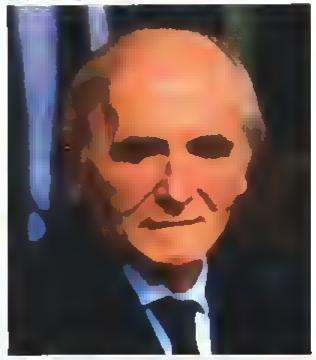
After a good Canadian effort on the World Cup circuit, 22 Canadian cross-country skiers have started training in Banff for the 1988 Olympic Games in Calgary —*Page 46*

COVER

The Nazi hunt

Klaus Barbie, the "Butcher of Lyons," went on trial, charged with crimes committed during the Nazi occupation of France. The trial revived memories of murder, torture and betrayal for members of the French Resistance, Jews and other victims of Nazi atrocities. And it focused attention on efforts to bring aging war criminals to justice —*Page 34*

COVER PHOTO BY SYGMA



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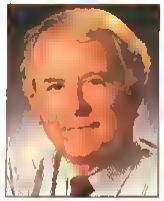
The legacy of Air-India 182

A new book, *The Sorrow and the Terror The Haunting Legacy of the Air-India Tragedy*, chronicles the life of Venu and Vijaya Thampi before tragedy struck —*Page 42*



Canadian gems at Cannes

Now marking its 40th birthday, the Cannes Film Festival has regained its former lustre And two Canadian films are among this year's brightest lights —*Page 53*



Launching the Games

This week *Maclean's* launches its coverage of the personalities, events—and the testing trials—leading up to the start of the 1988 Winter Olympics in Calgary on Feb 13. *Maclean's* will try to provide readers with the most extensive coverage anywhere of the athletes who will compete in the Games, their training and lifestyles, and the Games themselves. The magazine, indeed, will be a journal of record on the developments surrounding the Games, which in themselves will be a historic event for Canadians.

To do that, two of the magazine's most accomplished veterans, Special Projects Editor Ann Johnston and Senior Writer Hal Quinn, working with Assistant Editor Danielle Keefler, will devote themselves full-time to the project. Quinn will supervise all the news coverage before and during the Games. Johnston will be the editor of a special edition of *Maclean's*, to be published in January, 1988.



Quinn and Johnston, excitement

The special Olympic edition will be in addition to the usual 52 weekly issues of the magazine. Said Johnston: "The Olympic issue will be a complete, historical look at the preparations for the Calgary Games, a comprehensive preview of the events and a guide to TV viewers and those people actually attending the sports and cultural programs."

Quinn said that Olympic stories will become a standard feature in *Maclean's* in the coming weeks. He added, "I look on it as an exciting—and integral—new department in the magazine, one that readers can depend on seeing regularly." Declared Keefler, who has already travelled thousands of miles to many parts of the world during a year of preliminary reporting for the Olympic coverage: "Having watched the athletes in training in Europe and Canada, I have come to know their very human reactions under intense pressure." That is the kind of personal and professional story that *Maclean's* will report from now until the conclusion of the Games next February.

Kevin Doyle

Maclean's May 25 1987

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Maclean's is published by Maclean Hunter Limited
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President and Chief Executive Officer Ronald W. Osborne
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MACLEAN'S, established 1905, is published and printed weekly by Maclean Hunter Limited, Maclean Hunter Building, 777 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont., M5W 1A7. Montreal office: 1001 de Maisonneuve ouest, Montreal, H3A 3E1. Vancouver office: Ste. 700, 1111 Melville St., Vancouver V6E 3V6. Contents Copyright© 1987 by Maclean Hunter may not be reprinted without permission. Printed in Canada. Canadian second class mail registration number 1368. Second class postage paid at Buffalo, N.Y. for U.S. subscribers. U.S. Postmasters, send form 3579 to Maclean's, P.O. Box 4541, Buffalo, N.Y. 14240. *Maclean's* ISSN 0024-9262. Subscription prices: Canada, 1 year $46.50; U.S.A., 1 year $60.50 surface or $109.50 first class all other countries, 1 year $66.50 surface or $196.50 airmail printed matter. Microfiche and 35 mm microfilm: MH Microphilming, 4601 Yonge Street, Willowdale, Ontario M2N 5L9. Indexed in Canadian Periodical Index, Canadian Business Periodicals Index, the Magazine Index, the Canadian Magazine Index. Full-text reference on line on NEXIS and in microform on the Magazine Collection. Change of address or subscription problems: Send current address label, new address and date of move, if applicable, to *Maclean's*, P.O. Box 1600, Postal Station A, Toronto M5W 2S8. Allow eight weeks.

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LETTERS

The PM's problems

I do not expect the Prime Minister and his wife to take a vow of poverty ("The tastes of the Mulroney family," Canada, April 27) I do not care what money was used to redecorate 24 Sussex Drive. However, I do expect the Prime Minister of Canada and his wife to show more empathy and understanding for the working men and women in this country, many of whom are losing jobs, looking for work or trying to find day care for their children because it takes two working people to support the family. The farming community is in severe trouble, and this is the backbone of our economy. How can people who live such an opulent lifestyle relate to the rest of us?

—BILLIE FOLK
Hudson Bay, Sask.

As a fellow Winnipegger, I feel compelled to debunk the obsequious letter from Winnipeg-Assiniboine MP Dan McKenzie (April 27). He states categorically that our well-shod Prime Minister has "eliminated regional disparity in Canada." His overwhelming evidence of this is the awarding of the CF-5 maintenance contract to Winnipeg's Bristol Aerospace. He conveniently neglects to mention that this noble gesture was done to appease western indignation over the Prime Minister's pork-barrelling of the CF-18 contract to his home province. Regional disparity has reached a critical level in Canada today, as evidenced by the collapse of the western economy during a period of renewed economic prosperity and growth in Central Canada. If Dan McKenzie is so certain of the Prime Minister's total success at eliminating regional disparity in Canada, then let the government call a snap election and face the electorate on its record.

—DENNIS A. LANG,
Winnipeg



Mulroney relating to the rest of us

Doing justice to a justice

There are some untruths and many blatant inaccuracies in your article on the appointment of Claire L'Heureux-Dubé to the Supreme Court of Canada ("A new face on the bench," Canada, April 27). I have had the privilege of knowing Madame Justice Dubé for many years, both socially and professionally. In my view, Madame Justice Dubé is an exceptionally talented jurist with a remarkable and refreshing personality. She will be an outstanding addition to the Supreme Court of Canada. These views are shared by all Canadian lawyers and judges who know Madame Justice Dubé well. It is unfortunate and unfair that they were not reflected in your article.

—L. YVES FORTIER, QC, QC
Montreal

Dissidents and *glasnost*

I am writing to commend you on your recent interview with the Jewish Soviet *refusenik* Josef Begun ("Freedom for a *refusenik*," Q&A, April 27). The plight of Soviet Jews demonstrates that *glasnost*—openness—is a nice-sounding catchword, but the realities are quite different in the Soviet Union. Please devote more time and space to the issues confronting 400,000 Jews who want to leave the Soviet Union to live in dignity as Jews. Six million of us perished because of our Jewishness. Let us not perish culturally and spiritually as Jews now in the Soviet Union.

—MICHAEL ROSENBERG,
Chairman, Soviet Jewry Committee, B'nai Brith Canada, Downsview, Ont.

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PASSAGES

DIED Hollywood movie star and Second World War pinup **Rita Hayworth**, 68, of Alzheimer's disease, in New York City. The red-haired actress broke box-office records in the 1940s and was married five times, including to director **Orson Welles** and to playboy **Aly Khan** in a fairy-tale wedding that struck the imagination of people around the world. In 1981 a court placed the ailing actress under the care of her daughter, **Yasmin Khan**.

HOSPITALIZED Acclaimed Ojibwa painter and recent Order of Canada recipient **Norval Morrisseau**, 55, in Vancouver's Lions Gate Hospital, in a severely intoxicated state. Last fall the artist, who successfully battled alcoholism for seven years, began drinking heavily again after the opening of a major California show of his paintings organized by Canadian actor **John Vernon**. Since then, the artist, whose works have sold for up to $25,000 in art galleries, has been living on Vancouver streets and selling sketches for $40 to $70.

DENIED An appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada for a new trial by former Saskatchewan cabinet minister **Colin Thatcher**, 48, who was convicted in November, 1984, of the first-degree murder of his former wife, **JoAnn Wilson**. Canada's highest court unanimously upheld Thatcher's conviction and life-imprisonment sentence with no eligibility for parole until November, 2009. Wilson was 43 when she was found beaten and shot to death in the garage of her Regina home in January, 1983.

DIED Award-winning Canadian moviemaker **Frank R. (Budge) Crawley**, 75, of heart failure after a lengthy illness in Perth, Ont. During a 48-year career, he produced thousands of films and earned more than 280 awards. Crawley, whose motto was that he would rather lose money on a movie than produce a bad one, won an Academy Award for Best Documentary (feature) in 1975 for *The Man Who Skied Down Everest*.

SENTENCED Former Armed Forces corporal **Denis Lortie**, 27, to mandatory life in prison by Mr. Justice **Gaston Desjardins** of the Quebec Superior Court for a May, 1984, submachine-gun attack in the Quebec national assembly that left three people dead and 13 others wounded. Lortie pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity when he first went to trial on three charges of first-degree murder in January, 1985. He was found guilty and sentenced to a mandatory life term with no possibility of parole for 25 years, but was awarded a second trial when it was found that the first judge had erred in his instructions to the jury.



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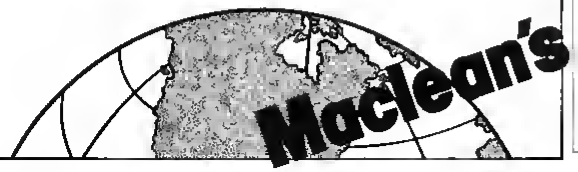
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An unfair comparison

I want to register my dismay over the inclusion of Rev. Billy Graham with the likes of Oral Roberts, Jim Bakker and Jimmy Swaggart in Allan Fotheringham's column "Heaven in 15 minutes or less" (April 20). As a clergyman, I find very little appeal for money in Graham's message. His style is low-key and not guilt-oriented. Graham does not denounce mainstream Christianity and he does not broadcast on Sunday mornings. Even though I have many reservations about the effectiveness and stewardship of the television ministries, I think it unjust to stick Billy Graham with the label "salesman of the telegenic church" or "charlatan" so rightfully applied to the rest. —REV. PETER LISINSKI, *Faith Evangelical Lutheran Church, Deep River, Ont.*

Much of what Allan Fotheringham said in the April 20 issue is true. But I am disappointed that he is just as prone to gross generalizations as your average self-appointed messiah. Lumping all Christians in with this shameful affair is hardly objective thinking—in particular assuming that Billy Graham is of the same stripe!

—ANN DURAND, *Vanderhoof, B.C.*

We are not Americans

Barbara Amiel contends that there is no difference between Canadians and Americans ("The survival of Canadian culture," April 20). Our differences are, in fact, profound and obvious. Amiel somehow forgets that Canada has two official languages and all that that means to our culture. Also, our northern climate has a great effect on our culture. And our histories, forms of government and legal systems are entirely different. I believe that all thoughtful Canadians are well aware of their differences from Americans. —WILLIAM MOTT STEWART, *Fredericton*

Amiel has gone too far by stating that Canadians and Americans share a virtually indistinguishable language. She should familiarize herself with the work of Mark Orkin, who finds Canadian English so distinguishable from the language south of the 49th parallel that he's filled a couple of books on the subject. Thus armed, she should tear herself away from *Dallas* and *Dynasty* long enough to listen to some Canadian dialects, found easily enough on CBC and CTV. —LESLIE ANN DOREY, *Comox, B.C.*

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, Maclean's Magazine, Maclean Hunter Bldg., 777 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A7.

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FOLLOW-UP

Curbside literacy

Some of them are products of broken homes or runaways from institutions. Others are from affluent backgrounds. Still, as many as half the estimated 12,000 teenagers living on the streets in Toronto alone are illiterate. But since May, 1985, a unique Toronto program called Beat the Street has been successfully teaching the basics of literacy to many homeless youths in an attempt to help them pursue useful lives. Among those who have benefited from the program is Josie, a 28-year-old from Northern Ontario who until last year had lived on the streets, sleeping outdoors and in shelters intermittently from the time she was 17. Formerly illiterate, Josie took part in the Beat the Street program starting in August, 1986. She is now working on completing her high-school diploma through correspondence courses, plans to become a social worker—and credits Beat the Street with giving her the confidence to pursue her newfound goals. Declared Josie: "I can do it and I never thought I could."



Tutor with student, successfully teaching the basics

In its two years of existence Beat the Street has worked with 600 young people, of whom more than 200 have gone on to jobs, or back to school or their families. The program, funded by the Ontario government, municipal governments and private donations, is the inspiration of Rick Parsons, 38, and Tracy LeQuyere, 36, two burly ex-convicts with long and varied prison records who themselves spent years trapped in the tunnel of illiteracy. Both men say that the program's good results are due to its policy of peers teaching peers: the majority of Beat the Street's volunteer tutors have at one time lived on the street. Said Parsons, who did not learn to read until he was 28: "We have a very simple philosophy: one-on-one teaching, according to their needs, and emphasizing their strengths instead of harping on their weaknesses."

A large part of Beat the Street's teaching takes place in settings—such as coffee shops and parks—where the students say that they feel more comfortable. Beat the Street's methods consist of practical lessons during walks through the city the tutor teaches the student to read signs and numbers. The overall approach inspires trust, making it easier to draw other young people to Beat the Street. "We let the kids in the program sell it to other kids," said LeQuyere. "Through word of mouth they tell each other that it is okay."

The program has been so successful that other North American cities are studying its progress. Parsons says that similar programs could even extend to prisons, where inmates could tutor other inmates. Indeed, inmates at Ontario's Maplehurst Complex, a correctional centre housing both juveniles and adults, recently asked their wardens for such a program, and officials are now considering the proposal.

The Beat the Street campaign has also focused on the school system. Last year Parsons and LeQuyere spoke in many Toronto-area high schools in an effort to keep more teenagers from running away to the squalor of street life. But, said Parsons, that lesson is best taught by the street kids themselves, who sometimes take part in the lectures. Said Parsons: "When our kids say, 'Listen, the street is not a life and you cannot do anything without getting educated,' the message goes home." He added, "That is prevention."

—AUGUSTA DWYER in Toronto

Canada Life Perspective



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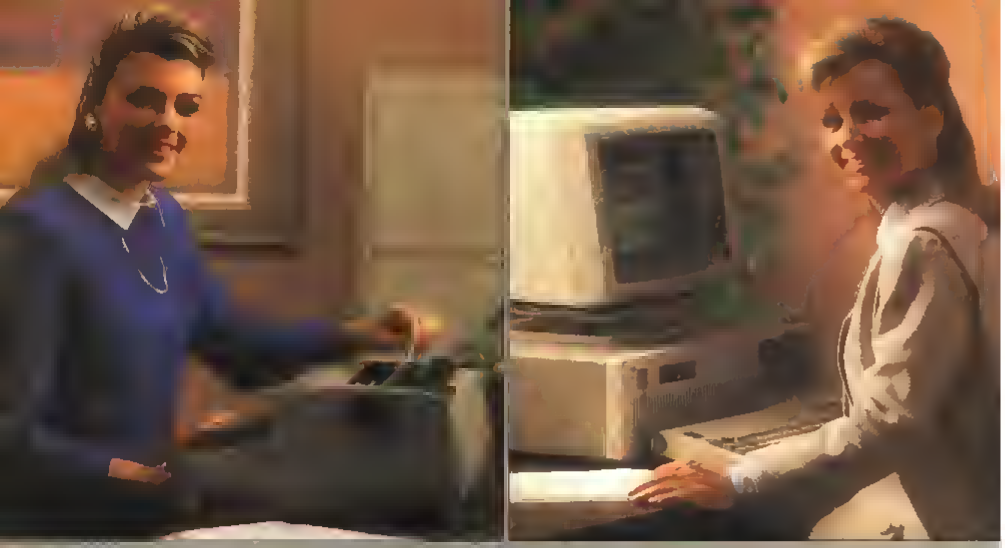
For David the ambiguities of Hamlet present only the beginning. He is obsessed by the origin and intricacies of human behavior. "Where are memories stored in the brain? Where do emotions come from? Or reflexes? Talent?"

For a while he thought that the answers were in theatre. Today, he's found that science will help him solve a little of the great enigma. From the footlights to the surgical lamp, he has found his theatre. Neuroscience. Like Dr. Penfield, the great researcher, he wants to touch the brain. David knows the price of discovery. He knows that sustaining sufficient interest and resources for research will be challenging.

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CLOSE-UP: GRAYDON CARTER

Power from an acid pen

Sondra and Allan Gotlieb had never heard of Liz Embry, much less invited her into their home. But "Liz Embry" was the byline on one of the most unflattering articles yet written about Gotlieb, Canada's ambassador to the United States, and his wife. The article, entitled "The rise and fall of Washington's pushiest couple," which appeared in the March issue of Manhattan-based *Spy* magazine, described Gotlieb as "moon-faced and beetle-browed." And according to Embry, Sondra Gotlieb, who had been lauded in other magazines as one of Washington's most successful hostesses, would "fawn like an excited puppy when guests were around." The vitriolic piece was as puzzling as it was shocking. But the mystery had a simple explanation. "Liz Embry" was just one of the pseudonyms of Toronto-born Edward Graydon Carter, co-editor of *Spy*—the saucy monthly magazine that has become favored satirical reading across New York City since he founded it last October.

Carter adapted the name "Liz Embry" from a character who worked as a gossip columnist for a society magazine called *Spy* in the 1940 film *The Philadelphia Story*. Declared Carter of the Gotliebs, whom he did in fact visit in 1985 while on assignment for *Life*: "I read every clipping on them, so I thought I was going to meet the two finest people God ever put on this earth. I found that quite the contrary was true. The question is—why hadn't we ever seen that in print?" Indeed, it was to take gleeful jabs at living celebrities such as the Gotliebs, dead ones such as Rock Hudson, and trendy New Yorkers at large that the irreverent Carter launched his own magazine.

Backed by $1.9 million from private investors, Graydon Carter's irreverent* Spy *magazine is the toast of New York

To do so, Carter drew on a previous, although less successful, attempt to create a new magazine. At 24, while still a political science student, Carter co-founded and edited *The Canadian Review*, a monthly collection of fiction and political writing produced on the University of Ottawa campus. After five years the magazine folded, leaving Carter with a broken marriage and $100,000 in unpaid bills to printers and other creditors. The three investors who risked venture capital money on the magazine lost it, and within months Carter threw his belongings into his BMW and fled to the publishing mecca of New York. Having limited funds, he allotted himself one month to find work. On his last planned day in the city, he was interviewed by senior personnel of *Time* magazine—but with no results. "I climbed up my five-floor walk-up, completely depressed," Carter recalled. "When I got to the door, the phone was ringing. It was *Time* telling me to report for work the following Monday. I had never actually written a magazine article in my life."

Six years as a staff writer with *Time* were followed by a two-year stint at the resuscitated *Life* magazine, where Carter also worked as a writer. But in 1983 Carter began a freelance career on the side and became known for his hard-hitting profiles of prominent people such as New York real estate developer

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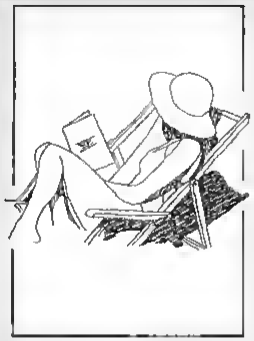
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Donald Trump and *Rolling Stone* editor Jann Wenner for *GQ* magazine. Soon Carter was working full time on what would become *Spy* magazine with his partners, former *Time* writer Kurt Andersen, a Nebraska native, and New York investment banker Thomas Phillips. "We wanted to make a magazine," explained Carter, "that would be our favorite magazine in the whole world."

After two years in gestation, the first brash issue of *Spy*, awash in unorthodox type and daring headlines, appeared on the stands. Carter had garnered $1.9 million in backing from private investors. Declared Toronto-born Lorne Michaels, producer of NBC's *Saturday Night Live* in New York: "It was a tremendously brave thing for Graydon to do."



Carter: celebrity and better restaurant tables

According to those who know the 37-year-old entrepreneur, Carter has a well-deserved reputation for risk-taking. Indeed, his renowned self-confidence and ability to talk his way to success often arouse passionate responses. "Graydon is totally promotion-oriented," said John Sawatsky, an Ottawa-based freelance journalist and author who lost the $2,500 he invested in *The Canadian Review*. "Graydon did not really care about what went in the magazine," added Sawatsky. "After a while, I realized his ambition outstripped his talent." Countered Toronto investment executive Steven Probyn, a friend and former colleague of Carter's on *The Canadian Review*: "He is the kind of guy who lights up a room, whether it is in Ottawa or New York—a genuine character."

Since the debut of his new project, Carter has become as fashionable as his magazine. According to Carter, after eight months on the New York newsstands *Spy* has competitively high newsstand sales among general interest magazines in the city. Out of a total circulation of 40,000 in 16 U.S. markets in addition to Toronto, Vancouver and London, England, 18,000 are newsstand sales. By comparison, New York-based *Harper's* magazine sells 34,000 on the newsstands, and the venerable 62-year-old weekly *The New Yorker*—which *Spy* pundits are fond of satirizing—sells 33,000. And although Carter said that he paid off the last of his *Canadian Review* creditors only last year, he added that he and his partners Andersen and Phillips are now living "quite well."

With his career well in hand, Carter said that he does not intend to return to Canada. He and his second wife, Cynthia, and their two children, Ashley, 3, and Max, 1, live in Manhattan's fashionable Upper West Side neighborhood. But his fondness for his Canadian roots is evident in his office, where a bust of Sir Wilfrid Laurier sits on a table behind his desk, and a 1930s Royal Bank calendar graces his wall, overlooking a chair that Carter claimed once sat in Lester Pearson's office. Carter's more material interests remain in the United States, however, although he says that he does not expect *Spy* to break even for another 18 months, he has received proposals for related television and movie projects and is publishing a line of *Spy* books on a variety of themes, possibly including a humorous guidebook to Manhattan.

Carter does not foresee a time, despite *Spy*'s growing popularity, when its satirical fearlessness will be compromised by its own celebrity. "We are filling a need," he declared, adding that "so far, all it has gotten me is better tables in restaurants." It is likely that Carter and his renegade writers and editors, whose diverse backgrounds include *The New York Times* and television's *David Letterman Show*, will be taking aim at the famous and rich for some time to come. *Saturday Night Live*'s Michaels, for one, does not underestimate Carter's celebrity. "New York, as [Jean] Cocteau once said of Paris, is a city of bonfires," said Michaels. "If you are at *Spy* magazine right now, you are very, very hot." Carter's uncomfortable victims will soon learn, if they have not already, that there is no easy exit out of the kitchen if they cannot stand the heat.

—LISA VAN DUSEN in New York



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DATELINE: BURMA

Promise unfulfilled

At Rangoon's chaotic Mingaladon Airport, the young Burmese man approached a traveller carrying a duty-free shopping bag. "You sell whisky?" the Burmese youth demanded. "Cigarettes?" With that, he swiftly produced a handful of *kyat* (pronounced chat), the national currency, which he had hidden in a carved-out hollow in the pages of an old book. The tourist agreed to a transaction, pocketing about $45 for a bottle of Johnny Walker Red Label scotch whisky and a carton of British cigarettes. The Burmese man may have kept those items for his own use. But they may have been resold on the Burmese black market, where they would fetch as much as $65.

It was a typical encounter in Burma, where widespread poverty and a shortage of consumer goods have forced many of the country's 37 million citizens to augment their meagre resources by trading on the black market. With an estimated annual per-capita income of $240, Burma is among the poorest countries in the world. In spite of its rich soil, plentiful oil, precious gems and teak forests, Burma has never fulfilled the promise that many saw when the country gained its independence from Britain in 1948. A quarter of a century after Gen Ne Win entrenched his military rule and closed the country's borders to foreigners, his militia remains unable to quell the many disparate guerrilla movements now active in the country. And with its stunted economy exacerbated by strict government restrictions against foreign investment, the country has now turned to a reluctant but increased reliance on a fledgling industry: tourism.

The government's policy of isolation undermined the economy and resulted in the growth of a vigorous black market

Since the early 1970s, when the Marxist government began to allow seven-day visits by foreigners, tourism has grown rapidly. More than 32 000 foreign visitors entered Burma last year, nearly a 16-per-cent increase from 1984. Burma is an inexpensive holiday at black-market rates: although $100 is officially worth about 550 kyat, on the street it will fetch at least twice as much. Historic cities such as Rangoon and Mandalay are part of the government-sanctioned tourist route in the country's heartland, away from the country's borders with China and Thailand, where fighting between government troops and ethnic insurgent groups is most intense. Despite 39 years of independence, the stamp of Burma's 63 years under British rule is still visible in Rangoon's crumbling mansions and sidewalks.

The tourists have been a boon to the black-market trade. One Rangoon taxi driver has a legally registered 1950s car for regular fares through the streets that are dotted with horsecarts. For tourist day trips, he uses a new, illegally owned Toyota bought on the black market. He is also among a number of young urban Burmese who spurn the *longyi*, the men's traditional wrap-around garb, for trousers. And like many taxi drivers, his car is where his most lucrative deals are made: the sale of gems such as rubies to visitors.

According to some observers, the 76-year-old Ne Win may not even be aware of such activities. As chairman of the Burma Socialist Program Party, Ne Win lives a reclusive life within government headquarters in Rangoon. And he is largely shielded from the disastrous results of his 25-year-old political aim: to establish a Marxist-Leninist regime where strict laws would prevent Burma's exploitation by other nations while protecting the traditional Buddhist-centred Burmese life. But his policy of isolation undermined the economy—and led to the growth of a vigorous black market to meet consumers' needs.



DENISE CHONG

Buddhist temple in Rangoon: increased reliance on a fledgling tourist industry

Burma's economy has also suffered because of the government's high military expenditures against the diverse guerrilla factions—estimated to be as many as 20—in the country's troubled hill and border regions. Rebels such as the ethnically distinct Karens, on the Thailand-Burma border, have battled the military since independence. The conflict, a legacy of the British amalgamation of many small principalities to form one country in the late 1800s, has resulted in the death of hundreds of villagers. Now, one-quarter of the country's annual budget of about $1.5 billion goes to fighting—with negligible results—the rebels, some of whom finance their activities by smuggling opium.

The state's attempts at economic reform have also proven disastrous. In November, 1985, in an effort to curb the increasingly powerful black-market economy, the government ordered all Burmese to exchange their money for new currency—to a limit of 25 per cent of a person's holdings until the money was proven to have come from legal sources. The government's intention was to prevent laundering of black-market money and render it worthless. But the move had adverse effects for many ordinary Burmese, whose carefully saved nest eggs from dabbling in the black market were suddenly worthless. Still, some Burmese have developed a bitter sense of humor. One man said in an interview that he had burned his own surplus of 20,000 kyat. "At least I used the money to keep me warm," he said.

—DENISE CHONG in Rangoon





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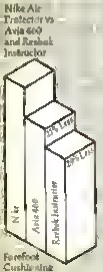
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FOLLOW-UP

Memories of Expo 67

It is a stubborn and poignant symbol of one of Canada's most memorable summers. Indeed, few of the pavilions at Montreal's Expo 67 captured the idealistic spirit of the world's fair as effectively as the U.S. pavilion, an acrylic-and-aluminum geodesic dome designed by the renowned architect Buckminster Fuller. Twenty years after the internationally acclaimed exhibition, the dome is still standing—but a fire in 1976 reduced its structure to a skeleton. The rest of the fairground, where canals, fountains and promenades once made it a model for urban designers, lies mostly in ruins. Still, for many Montrealers—and indeed for many other Canadians—the memories live on. Declared Montreal architect Raymond Affleck, who was a consultant for the fair: "The site was a prototype of what the urban environment could be. No world's fair since has approached its success."

Subsequent development of Expo's twin-island site on the St. Lawrence River has been less successful. Despite the wishes of many Montrealers that the islands be converted to parkland, former Montreal mayor Jean Drapeau attempted to resurrect the glory of Expo with an annual summer exhibition, even though most of the fair's facilities were temporary constructions. Since then, Drapeau's dream has collapsed along with most of the pavilions. Less than a dozen of the more than 70 buildings that housed Canadian and international exhibits in 1967 remain standing, and much of the site resembles a wasteland.

Still, some of the historic terrain has been recycled. Expo's amusement park, La Ronde, on Ile St-Hélène, has been open every summer since the fair, while a Formula One race-car track has been built on Ile Notre-Dame. As well, the futuristic apartment block Habitat—designed by architect Moshe Safdie, a Montreal native—was recently purchased by its residents and turned into a co-operative housing project. And despite the fact that most of the utopian environment created at Expo 67 has not weathered the rigors of time and reality, the fair that attracted more than 50 million visitors has remained with Montreal in spirit. Said Affleck: "Expo's lasting triumph is psychological. It created a vocation for Montreal as a centre for intellect, ideas and education."

—DAN BURKE in Montreal

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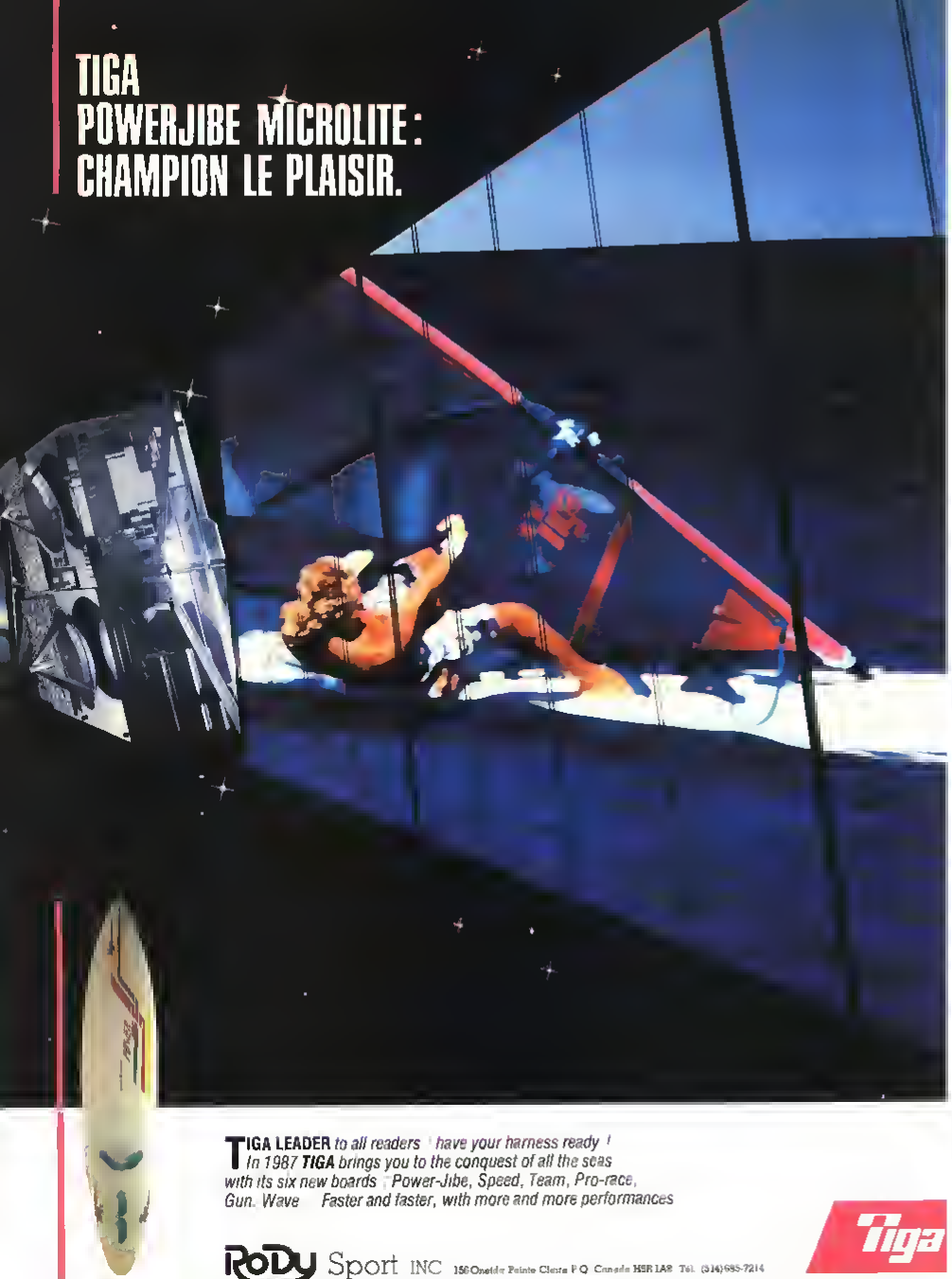
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Tiga

COLUMN

Paying homage to a best friend



By Barbara Amiel

I married George Jonas one Friday afternoon in October, 1974. There were only six people present, but Ontario Premier William Davis's office sent us flowers because I was writing a profile of him. The blood-red roses were handed to me by Rabbi Gunther Plaut after the ceremony, and I swelled with excitement. Those roses augured recognition and acceptance. A friend lent us his house for a small celebration, and I was very proud that *Saturday Night* editor Robert Fulford and his wife came.

Jonas and I had no grand design, only a need to write. Gradually we came to be perceived as "neoconservative" writers, and later on we were branded as even extreme right-wing by the mainstream media that remain almost universally left-of-centre in its leanings. We did begin to see ourselves, I think, as slightly beleaguered, although I was probably more sensitive to this than Jonas. It disturbed me that we were never asked to contribute even guest columns to mainstream newspapers like *The Globe and Mail* or *The Toronto Star*, even as they were bringing more and more left-wing columnists on board.

It irritated me that Jonas would never be called to comment on Eastern European affairs or that the news and current affairs programs of the CBC and CTV would not ask either of us to appear as panelists interviewing politicians. We were game-show guests or interviewees, we were treated warmly by the folk in daytime programming or private radio. At the time of the 20th anniversary of the Hungarian Revolution in 1976, Hungarian-born Jonas was on staff at the CBC. But the corporation flew a British Broadcasting Corp. producer to Canada to handle the CBC's coverage of the occasion. It was Robert Fulford who quoted Jonas saying that experience was a qualification for speaking on every subject—except communism, where those who had actually lived under it were disqualified on grounds of "prejudice."

Now I can look back on those days with some perspective. In the broadest sense we can only be grateful for the opportunities Canada gave us. Jonas can write his own ticket when it comes to getting a contract from a book publisher—not to mention what are among the highest advances in Canada. For my part, it was *Maclean's* Peter Newman who gave me my start when he decided to risk a column by me. How many journalists of any persuasion get such an opportunity?

As for the limitations on our access to the popular media, which continue to this day, well, this is in essence a social democratic country and we remain outside the mainstream. Fair enough. The CBC and the *Globe* will never court either of us. But I tell you, I think in all the years of writing, reading and travelling, I never met as fine a mind as that of Jonas. We were together for seven years, then divorced, but my estimation of him has never wavered. One Canadian writer, I forget whom, said in a book that I had "the finest secondhand mind" in Canada, referring to the influence on me of George Jonas. Perhaps the remark was meant to hurt, but it didn't.

All this came to mind when last week Jonas handed me a copy of his new paperback book with the absurd title *Crocodiles in the Bathtub*. As I began to read it, the past and the present tumbled together with astonishing resonance. We tried to move mountains as journalists and sometimes I thought we were only burying ourselves, but I was wrong. Jonas may not have rearranged Canada's mental Rockies, but he has charted them in a unique way. The columns in his book span the 10 years from 1977 till the present and include work from *Toronto Life*, *The Toronto Sun* and *Canadian Lawyer*. Together they make up a stunning record of the absurdities of our times, and I think they document an alternative view of Canadian society.

> ***We were branded as extreme right-wing by mainstream media that remain almost universally left-of-centre***

Jonas is an old-fashioned dyed-in-the-wool liberal. His ideas are a synthesis of thinkers from Montesquieu to James Madison. He writes that every individual should be "free to speak, worship and trade according to his own lights and standards. The only thing in this liberal world that an individual would not be free to do would be to rob, kill, cheat or enslave others, or to force them to act against *their* individual conscience and will." Jonas is concerned with equity rather than egalitarianism, with liberty rather than parity. He takes on every sacred cow grazing on the uncultivated Canadian landscape of ideas.

For myself, it is Jonas's assessment of contemporary institutions that I find so revealing. The imaginary dialogue Jonas creates, for instance, to illustrate the absurdities of Canada's feminist no-fault divorce and community property laws is both hilarious and terrifying:

She. "Oh, and another thing, Harry, the kids and I are leaving on Saturday for good."

He. "Well, that's a pity, Susan."

She. "I know. Don't think I haven't agonized over it. I've hardly slept a wink for weeks. But we have to be honest. John is much better in bed than you."

He. "Yes, well, he might be a bit stronger in that department."

She. "I take it we'll be totally civilized about the whole thing?"

He. "We hardly have any other choice, I guess. (With a laugh) I mean, I can't very well start acting like a Neanderthal and shoot you or something."

She. "Right. Now you agree the children are better off with me."

He. "Well, frankly, yes."

She. "It goes without saying you can visit them as often as you like. John's too busy for that sort of thing anyway."

He. "He's a student, I understand."

She. "Yes. Now, as far as the family assets, we just split everything fifty-fifty. Fair enough?"

He. "Sounds fair."

She. "Trouble is, we have only two family assets, the house and your salary. We can't split the house because I need it for the kids."

He. "Of course not."

She. "So for the time being we'll split your salary fifty-fifty. Reasonable? Well, that settles everything. Actually, it may be simpler if you move on Saturday. Take all of your clothes and I'll give you some of the dishes."

Oh, Canada! What monstrous ideas we have legislated in the name of progressivism. Thank God we have one writer who can see them so clearly. And thank God that unlike Barbra Streisand, who wept over the phone to Robert Redford in *The Way We Were* that her divorce meant she had lost her best friend, I managed to keep mine.

A man with a mandate

When Derek Burney left the external affairs department at the end of March to become chief of staff to Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, his former colleagues held a reception for him at the home of undersecretary of state James (Si) Taylor. Their parting gift, presented in jest, was a gleaming new pitchfork. The message behind the unusual presentation was that, in the transition from the private, circumspect life of an anonymous civil servant to one of the most powerful political jobs in Ottawa, Burney faced a herculean task. His challenge, as seen by the small group of friends who gathered to wish him well, was to restructure the Prime Minister's Office (PMO) and clear out the deadwood—much-criticized old university friends and cronies that Mulroney had brought in to advise him. Said one senior adviser to the Prime Minister: "This place was like the Love Canal—it had to be cleaned up."



Burney: one of the most influential men in the government

Less than two months later, the slightly overweight, bespectacled Burney has already taken major steps toward that goal. In the process, he has become one of the most influential men in the federal government. Indeed, he came into the Prime Minister's Office with such force that some officials referred to him as Canada's Donald Regan—a reference to U.S. President Ronald Reagan's former chief of staff who was known for tough, no-nonsense political management.

During Burney's brief tenure as Mulroney's chief organizer, several key aides to the Prime Minister have resigned—and more are expected to follow as Mulroney's office is radically reorganized. The goal: to bring a new sense of discipline and purpose to the political nerve centre of government and begin the long process of rebuilding the popularity of the embattled Conservative administration.

Burney, 47, lost no time in getting started. On his first morning in the job, he called senior staff members into his office—actually, it was on loan from the Prime Minister—on the second floor of the Langevin Block, the hulking sandstone edifice facing the Parliament Buildings. In 15 minutes he explained the job that Mulroney had asked him to do: bring order and efficiency to a dangerously unstructured PMO, re-establish vital links with the bureaucracy, and free the Prime Minister to chart the government's course to winning the next election.

What Burney did not need to spell out—but what was apparent to those in the room—was that Mulroney had also given him the power to carry out that mandate as he saw fit. While the reorganization is far from complete, Tory insiders say that Burney has already put the mark of a professional manager on the PMO. Said one: "There is no quick fix, but we are starting to turn it around."

Burney's first move was to get control of the Prime Minister's agenda and restrict access to him. Previously, many of Mulroney's senior aides were able to see him almost any time they wanted to—often resulting in several staff members claiming to speak for him on one issue. "One of Brian's problems was his accessibility," said one aide. "You can overdo that. That's when things get out of control."

Now, Burney chairs a half-hour senior staff meeting in his office at 8:15 every morning to discuss the Prime Minister's daily schedule. Gone—according to several key insiders interviewed by *Maclean's*—are the impromptu meetings during which the Prime Minister's advisers would pull up a chair and tackle issues in an informal manner. That led not only to confusion within the office—but also sent an unsettling message to the Conservative party and caucus that no one was firmly in control at the centre of power. Said a veteran party member who has worked with four Tory leaders: "There was a frustration in the party that people with no experience had their fingers on the levers of power. Those people who had worked hard to get us in were left out."

Burney's arrival was also followed shortly by the departure of several senior PMO staff members. Deputy principal secretary Ian Anderson resigned on April 22; a week later senior adviser William Fox also left. According to PMO officials, Burney called Fox into his office and told him politely but bluntly that it would be "in his best interests" to leave. The message was clear—and within minutes Fox had dusted off the undated letter of resignation that he kept in his filing cabinet and handed it to Mulroney.

The combative Fox, 39, became the fifth Mulroney loyalist to resign, be fired or be moved to a less responsible position. The far-reaching shakeup of the political tour strategy committee—which helps to plan the Prime Minister's travel schedule and includes party members from all areas of the country. Declared deputy chief of staff Marjory LeBreton: "It was a signal that the party has some say."

The changes have not yet resulted in major new initiatives or in improvements in opinion polls—which last week still had the Tories in third place (page 12). But insiders say that they expect that firmer management at the centre of the government will lead to improved performance—and an improved standing with voters. At the same time, they caution that the government still must achieve successes in its major policy goals, especially tax reform and a trade deal with the United States. Said one Mulroney adviser: "Whether the government is successful politically depends on the issues. Derek Burney is not a magician when it comes to that."



Roy: an important but limited role of managing the government's Quebec affairs

Mulroney's inner circle promises to lead to more casualties before the summer recess of the House of Commons on June 30. Among the likely departures are Mulroney's senior policy adviser Charles McMillan, executive assistant Bill Pristanski, and speech writer L. Ian MacDonald. The patrician and aloof principal secretary, Bernard Roy—whose lack of political experience and uncertain leadership were blamed by many for Mulroney's problems—will carry on with the important but limited role of managing the government's affairs in Quebec.

Burney also sent small but important signals to the Tory caucus and party. He revived the prime minister's confidence as he played a major behind-the-scenes role in managing U.S.-Canadian trade issues.

Even before joining the foreign service in 1963, Burney had earned a reputation as a straight arrow who told his superiors what he really thought. John Meisel, a political science professor and former chairman of the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission, taught Burney at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., where he earned a master's degree in political science. Meisel told *Maclean's* that Mulroney's new chief of staff will not hesitate to be blunt with his boss. Said Meisel: "Others have built Mulroney up into a divine, imperial being. Derek has a lot of integrity and honesty and will tell the PM what he thinks. That is a very rare quality."

Burney was born and raised in Fort William, Ont., now part of Thunder Bay, where his father, George, was an alderman and ran an eight-car taxi service. After his father's death, his mother, Anne, took over the taxi business. While in high school, Burney played on the basketball and football teams and was active in school drama—playing the lead in James Barrie's play *The Admirable Crichton*. As well, Burney told *Maclean's*, "I drove a cab, worked in the elevators and in the paper mill—like any other kid."

At Queen's, Burney continued his acting and was a member of the Conservative party's youth wing, a political connection that he dismisses now as "campus politics." Declared Meisel: "He was not brilliant, but he was a solid, sensible, practical guy—someone to rely on in a crisis." It was the variety of people, jobs and environments that attracted Burney to the foreign service. He rose rapidly, serving in New Zealand, Japan and as ambassador to Korea before filling the department's second-most-important post—associate undersecretary of state.

In his new role, Burney has abandoned the anonymity he enjoyed as the unnamed "senior official" frequently quoted in the news media as the Canadian government's chief spokesman on foreign policy. Still, he avoids answering questions about his own personal role. "I don't have my own agenda," Burney said in an interview last week. "I don't see myself as wanting a personality. I'm trying to do the job anonymously." But operating at the centre of Ottawa's high-pressure political world, Burney is likely to discover that power and privacy seldom go together.



Mulroney: vital links

—HILARY MACKENZIE in Ottawa with ANGELA MANGIACASALE in Kingston and LARRY SANDERS in Thunder Bay



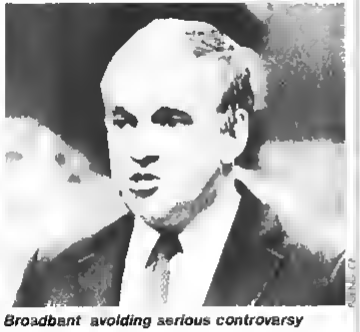
Trudeau in Toronto: 'ask yourself what kind of country will come out of it'

A Liberal family feud

While he was prime minister, one of Pierre Elliott Trudeau's most cherished precepts was that reason should prevail over passion in politics. But Trudeau's philosophy was apparently forgotten last week during a noisy battle in the federal Liberal caucus. The issue: party leader John Turner's decision to support the Meech Lake constitutional agreement, despite serious reservations.

Some Liberals became so impassioned that they hurled epithets in public at the man at the centre of the controversy, Quebec MP Donald Johnston, an influential cabinet minister in the Trudeau government. But Johnston, who resigned his post in Turner's shadow cabinet on May 8 to speak out against the constitutional agreement, was unmoved by claims that he was damaging his party. Said the former external affairs critic: "The constitutional future of this country is worth the price." The feud spread when Montreal MP David Berger publicly backed Johnston's stand—despite Turner's demand for caucus unity. Turner promptly fired Berger as the Liberals' science and technology critic.

The infighting emerged during a particularly difficult period for the Liberals. It reinforced a perception of Turner as a leader unable to formulate clear party policy on important issues such as the Constitution and free trade, and incapable of controlling members of his caucus still influenced by Trudeau's centralist vision of Canada. Those difficulties were accentuated last week by an opinion poll conducted by Angus Reid Associates, which reported that the New Democratic Party had pulled ahead of the Liberals to take the lead nationally—for the first time since the NDP was formed in 1961. However, a Gallup poll released one day later contradicted Reid's results, putting the Liberals far ahead of both the NDP and the Tories.



Broadbent: avoiding serious controversy

The Liberals' dispute reached a climax at the beginning of last week, after an emergency caucus meeting called to map out the party's position on the Meech Lake accord. Behind the closed doors of the caucus room in the West Block of Parliament Hill, André Ouellet, another former Trudeau cabinet minister, exchanged what he later described as "harsh words" with Johnston. But Ouellet went a step further, telling reporters that Johnston's refusal to endorse the party's position in favor of the principles of the Meech Lake agreement made him "a Westmount Rhodesian" who was ignoring the evolution of Quebec society.

The remark, which resurrected an old nationalist insult aimed at privileged English-speaking Quebecers, angered anglophones in the province. It also diverted attention from Turner's carefully drafted speech on the Constitution in the Commons, in which he said that the Meech Lake agreement would be acceptable if some serious flaws were corrected. Turner was particularly concerned about a part of the agreement that redefines federal spending powers.

Already hurt by Johnston's decision to break ranks, Turner moved swiftly to end the infighting in his caucus. On Tuesday he ordered Ouellet to apologize to Johnston. Then, during a tense caucus meeting Wednesday morning, Turner warned his MPs about the dangers of appearing divided on major issues. Declared Turner as he emerged from the meeting: "The caucus knows what it has to do."

But the next day Berger openly defied his leader. The 37-year-old Montrealer, who represents Laurier riding, issued a statement saying that the Meech Lake accord "unduly weakens the government of Canada." Berger said the new limits on federal spending powers—which allow provinces to opt out of future national programs in areas of provincial jurisdiction—might inhibit Ottawa's ability to establish a national child care program or a guaranteed annual income. Added Berger: "If the federal government is relegated to the role of tax collector, it will risk losing its raison d'être."

Turner reacted swiftly. At week's end he issued a terse, one-paragraph statement relieving Berger of his duties in the shadow cabinet. Like Johnston, Berger will keep his seat in Parliament and remain in the Liberal caucus. Caucus chairman Marcel Prud'homme defended Turner's action, claiming that Berger had paid the price for failing to discipline himself. Added Prud'homme: "Members of Parliament cannot shoot in every direction without expecting that kind of action."

Johnston's main objection to the April 30 Meech Lake agreement between Prime Minister Brian Mulroney and the 10 provincial premiers was that it would

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fundamentally weaken the powers of the federal government. In addition to limiting federal spending powers, the deal would recognize Quebec as a "distinct society" and give the provinces a say in appointments to the Senate and the Supreme Court. Johnston especially objected to the clause affirming Quebec's distinct nature, arguing that it could undermine Trudeau's vision of a bilingual Canada. "It makes me sick," he said of the accord.

Trudeau himself, silent on the Meech Lake accord for almost two weeks, offered his first comments last week. He phrased his remarks in the form of questions, but he left little doubt that he had serious reservations about the accord. "In every kind of constitutional deal, I think you must ask yourself what kind of country will come out of it," Trudeau said during an appearance at a meeting of venture capitalists in Toronto. "The question for you is this: is this making the Canadian government that much weaker that it would be unable to use its economic levers in a time of great economic difficulties? And if so, [does] the agreement go too far? There are times in our history—the Great Depression, emerging from wartime to peacetime, social problems of a national magnitude—where one has to ask government to do a big job and an important job." Trudeau refused to expand on his remarks, and a former Liberal cabinet minister who had lunch with Trudeau in Montreal last Wednesday said that the former prime minister was "very, very reluctant" to become embroiled in public debate on the issue.

For its part, the NDP managed to avoid serious controversy over the Constitution—even though Broadbent's position in a Commons debate on the issue last week was essentially the same as Turner's. Careful not to jeopardize the party's newfound popularity in Quebec, NDP strategists sought to avoid potentially damaging missteps.

The New Democrats expressed delight at Reid's poll results—but those findings were quickly followed by Gallup's less encouraging survey. Winnipeg-based Reid had given the party 37-per-cent support among decided voters, compared with 36 per cent for the Liberals and 25 per cent for the Tories. By contrast, Gallup showed the Liberals with 42 per cent, the NDP with 30 per cent and the Tories with 26. Analysts said that several factors—especially how the two pollsters conducted their surveys in Quebec—might explain the discrepancy in the results. But for the Liberals, the encouraging Gallup results did not erase the week's hard lesson about the high cost of making private differences public.

—MICHAEL ROSE in Ottawa

Deciding on nothing

After three years of study, thousands of hours of debate and a $6.8-million royal commission, Ottawa finally announced last week what it plans to do with Canada's $12-billion-a-year unemployment insurance (UI) system: leave it as it is. Shortly after noon last Friday, Employment Minister Benoît Bouchard told the Commons that the program would be left virtually untouched. The reaction was mixed. Liberal employment critic Warren Allmand said that Bouchard did not have the courage to modify the system. "Canadians are laughing at the government," said Allmand. But New Democrat John Rodriguez declared, "At 12:08 today, a sigh of relief went up from all the unemployed Canadians across the country."

In fact, that was precisely what the minister intended. Bouchard noted that hundreds of thousands of Canadian workers in depressed regions of the country have come to depend on unemployment insurance to supplement their incomes. "Is it lack of courage," he asked, "to protect the incomes of people in those provinces that are so dependent on the system?"

Even the system's sharpest critics of UI—many of them on the right wing of the Conservative caucus—acknowledged that the years of debate had not produced a consensus on the right direction for change. In the past three years there have been four major reviews of the UI system: a 17-month-long federal royal commission chaired by former Quebec cabinet minister Claude Forget; a Newfoundland royal commission; a study by the Macdonald royal commission on the economy; and a lengthy review by the House of Commons employment committee. What emerged was a series of contradictory recommendations—both to expand and to sharply cut back the system. Now the government will make only minor administrative changes and take still-unspecified action against those who cheat the system.

But last week's announcement is unlikely to put the issue to rest. Ontario Conservative MP Donald Blenkarn, one of the chief proponents of tightening up the UI system, said that many Tory MPs would continue to press Bouchard for change. He added, "The debate has just begun."

—MARC CLARK in Ottawa







McFarlane testifying as his wife, Jonda, (below) looks on: startling revelations

WORLD

The price of not 'breaking faith'

For nearly four days, haggard and glassy-eyed, he recounted in a monotone the dramatic details of the affair that threatened Ronald Reagan's presidency. So soporific was the drone of his voice that there was speculation that former national security adviser Robert McFarlane—who tried to kill himself last February with an overdose of Valium—was still taking medication. But McFarlane's deadpan delivery, during last week's televised hearings of the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives joint committees on the Iran-contra affair, contrasted with his startling revelations. His testimony, given under the grilling of the 26-member panel, suggested a president much more deeply involved in soliciting secret funds to support the Nicaraguan contra rebels than either Reagan or his aides have conceded so far.

After those disclosures, the President was forced to admit that, during a February, 1985, meeting at the White House, he had personally thanked Saudi Arabia's King Fahd for a $1.3-million-a-month contribution to the contras. That conversation prompted the monarch to double his monthly donations to $2.6 million, for an estimated total of $42 million in 1984 and 1985. Much of the money was given at a time when Congress had forbidden "direct or indirect" U.S. aid to the insurgents. Indeed, spurning McFarlane's repeated attempts to shoulder personal blame for the entire Iran contra foreign policy fiasco, House committee chairman Lee Hamilton, a Democrat from Indiana, pointedly directed the inquiry's most damning indictment to date not at the witness, but at Reagan himself. Said Hamilton: "You cannot, it seems to me, accept responsibility for mistakes—as admirable as that may be—and thereby absolve the President of responsibility."

McFarlane testified that he had briefed Reagan "frequently" on what his staff was doing to help the contras. It was the first direct evidence that the President was kept current about his staff's contra fund-raising activities—although McFarlane did not link him with the diversion of funds from the Iranian arms sales.

But McFarlane was not alone in weaving an increasingly damaging web around the White House. As two other, little-known administration officials followed him to the stand, they fleshed out the picture of a government obsessed with not "breaking faith" with the contras, as McFarlane put it. One of them, Robert Owen—a self-described "foot soldier" in the covert war against Nicaragua's leftist Sandinista government—provided the most explicit details yet on how National Security Council (NSC) aide Lt.-Col. Oliver North directed that conflict from the White House under the code names Steelhammer or The Quartermaster.

The first witness to testify in exchange for limited immunity from criminal prosecution, the 32-year-old Owen described his role as a clandestine go-between who ferried cash, U.S. intelligence maps and weapons shopping lists between North and the contras. Code-named The Courier, he said that he handed over envelopes stuffed with thousands of dollars to contra leaders. To carry out one $9,000 payment to a former member of the rebels' three-man directorate, Owen said, he had to cash so many travellers cheques from North's office safe that another administration official, Jonathan Miller, was called in to share the task. Within hours of that statement, Miller quit his current White House post as deputy assistant to the President for management. His departure—reportedly against his will—underlined the threat that last week's revelations posed to the President.



The White House was also clearly embarrassed by reports that Fawn Hall, North's former secretary, would tell the hearings that she helped her boss shred documents before the scandal became public last November. According to Alabama Democratic Senator Howell Heflin, Hall smuggled documents out of the White House in her underwear.

But most disturbing to many congressmen and analysts was the picture that emerged from the Iran-contra hearings of U.S. foreign policymakers held hostage to the contras' demands for funds. Bowing to a White House request not to embarrass foreign governments, the committee assigned numbers to the countries concerned. But the attempt backfired as, under questioning, witnesses gave clear hints about which countries were involved. In fact, after McFarlane revealed Reagan's role in thanking the visiting ruler of "Country Two" for doubling his contributions to the contras, committee sources confirmed Saudi Arabia's massive donation.

The committee also heard that McFarlane, North and then NSC official Gaston Sigur had sought donations to the contras from Taiwan and South Korea at a time when both countries were involved in trade disputes with Washington. Indeed, Sigur confirmed that "Country Three" (Taiwan) had contributed $2.6 million in "humanitarian" aid to the contras at the very moment it was fighting a protectionist textile import bill in Congress. Shortly after the contribution, Reagan vetoed the bill. Protested Georgia Democratic Representative Ed Jenkins, who helped draft the measure. "That ought to be disturbing to me, don't you think?"

Last week's hearings solved an early mystery of the Iran-contra affair: the missing $13-million contribution to the contras from the Sultan of Brunei. Donated after a visit from Secretary of State George Shultz, the money was finally located in the Swiss bank account of a Geneva-based shipping tycoon, who claimed not to have noticed that the sum had been deposited in error. But the committee also left many questions unanswered, and critics charged that it had failed to pin McFarlane down on many points.

One reason may be sympathy for a man, obviously still in anguish, who had been led, as Senate chairman Daniel Inouye put it, "down the garden path" in his notion of public duty. But in one of his rare outbursts, McFarlane offered an insight into the White House mind-set that had prevented him from criticizing the Iranian arms sales. Said McFarlane: "To tell you the truth, if I'd done that, [former CIA director] Bill Casey, [former UN ambassador] Jeane Kirkpatrick and [Defence Secretary] Cap Weinberger would have said I was some sort of commie."

When asked whom he was trying to protect in his testimony, McFarlane replied, "very likely myself, my reputation, my own record of performance." But to many observers, it became increasingly clear that his efforts were aimed at shielding Reagan, who—contrary to the portrait of a detached and uninformed leader that emerged from February's Tower commission report—now appears to have monitored events closely. Indeed, the President himself declared that he had known about and supported private efforts to help the contras. "I was very definitely involved in decisions about support to the freedom fighters," he said. Still, he seemed to appreciate McFarlane's attempts. McFarlane told the committee that Reagan phoned him after watching his televised testimony and commended him for what a White House spokesman later termed "doing a good job."



North: code names and secret funds

—MARCI McDONALD in Washington

Democrats in the lurch

America's Democrats were searching anxiously last week for a new star candidate, after the sudden withdrawal on May 8 of front-runner Gary Hart from the 1988 presidential race. Of the declared hopefuls who remained in the running—dubbed the "seven dwarfs" by one political observer—only civil rights leader Jesse Jackson had a wide national following. But Jackson confronts two political hurdles: he is a black and a radical in a field of white moderates. "It is as if the race has started over," Robert Strauss, former head of the Democratic National Committee, said last week. "It is wide open."

On the Democrats' preferred list for a new front-runner were New York Gov. Mario Cuomo, New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley and Georgia Senator Sam Nunn. But none of the three party stalwarts seemed overanxious to step into Hart's shoes. Nunn said that he would make a decision later this summer. Cuomo reaffirmed his intention—first announced last February—not to run. And Bradley, who emerged last year as a major figure in tax reform, said that his work was in the Senate.

Meanwhile Hart, who quit the race over publicity about his relationship with Miami model Donna Rice, returned to his law practice in Denver, Colo. His spokesman, Kevin Sweeney, said: "He's just doing normal stuff. Getting his hair cut and that sort of thing."

In polls conducted before he pulled out of the race, Hart was the pick of 46 per cent of Democrats. Jackson was the choice of 13 per cent. None of the other candidates—former Arizona governor Bruce Babbitt, Delaware Senator Joseph Biden Jr., Massachusetts Gov. Michael Dukakis, Missouri Representative Richard Gephardt, Tennessee Senator Albert Gore Jr. and Illinois Senator Paul Simon—polled more than five per cent.

Although one of the "seven dwarfs" might break loose from the pack and become a leader, that may not occur until after the first fight of the primary season at the February Iowa caucuses. Meanwhile, the party's national chairman, Paul G. Kirk Jr., was clearly putting on a show of confidence in the absence of a strong contender. Speaking to reporters last Thursday, he said that he was "perfectly happy" with the current list of candidates.

—WILLIAM LOWTHER in Washington

A government at war over peace

Like participants in a family feud, the leaders of Israel's coalition government last week directed their unkindest cuts at each other. At issue was Foreign Minister Shimon Peres's proposal for an international peace conference on the Middle East. Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, Peres's partner in the 32-month-old national unity government, rejected the plan as "perverse and criminal"—an attempt to force Israel to give up the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip. In a speech to legislators from his own Likud bloc, Shamir declared, "Every remnant and vestige of this plan must be wiped off the discussion table." Peres implied that Shamir was stirring up hatred and was guilty of "character assassination." But none of the 10 members of the government's inner cabinet changed his position. And after three days of pressure-packed meetings on the issue, the cabinet remained deadlocked 5 to 5 along party lines.



Shamir (left) and Peres: a 'perverse and criminal' plan and an inevitable fall

The cabinet stalemate was a clear defeat for Peres. And it appeared to signal the inevitable fall of the coalition. The next regular election is not due until November, 1988, but Peres had threatened to force early elections to decide the conference issue. However, he was unable to get the 61 votes in the 120-member Knesset needed to support his motion that the legislature disband. Frustrated members of Peres's Labour Party demanded that Shamir resign. But the prime minister, whose popularity rating has dropped to 36 per cent from 59 per cent a year ago, refused. And he asked the foreign ministry to inform Israeli embassies that Peres had lost the right to try to organize a peace conference.

Peres, however, insisted that he still had a "full mandate." And his office took the extraordinary step of countermanding Shamir's message—and instead sent out a cable to Israeli embassies saying that the government was still pursuing the peace conference initiative. At week's end, Peres flew to the United States, where he planned to seek stronger support among American Jews and within the Reagan administration, which has already endorsed the conference proposal.

In fact, plans for the conference were laid out in secret talks in London last month between Peres and Jordan's King Hussein, with help from U.S. special envoy Wat Cluverius. The initial talks would include the five permanent members of the United Nations Security Council—the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain, France and China—and would lead to direct discussions among Israel, its Arab neighbors and the Palestinians. The Israelis agreed to Moscow's participation on two conditions: that the Soviets restore diplomatic relations with Jerusalem, which they broke off after the Six Day War in 1967, and that they grant more exit permits to Soviet Jews wishing to emigrate. Diplomatic sources in Washington also said that Jordan had agreed to limit the Soviets' role to that of a bystander—a condition the Kremlin seemed unlikely to accept.

The Palestinians presented an even thornier issue. Under the Israel-Jordan agreement, delegates from Yasser Arafat's Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO) would not be seated at the conference unless they first renounced terrorism and recognized Israel's right to exist. That seemed highly improbable. As a result, conference organizers would have to seek out more moderate Palestinian leaders, whose claims to represent their people would be dubious at best.

The proposed peace conference has excited many moderate and left-wing Israelis. Before the cabinet sessions last week, about 1,500 demonstrators marched through Jerusalem singing *Give Peace a Chance*. They were met by hundreds of right-wing counter-demonstrators, who had to be held back by riot police. Those passions seemed likely to remain high following the cabinet impasse, as Peres and Shamir took their cases to the people—and to smaller parties in the Knesset. One target is the ultra-Orthodox Shas party, which at one stage last week appeared ready to switch its support from Likud to Labour. But its dovish leader, Rabbi Yitzhak Peretz, could not carry his three parliamentary colleagues with him. Experts said that Labour was still about five votes short of being able to force early elections. But party officials placed the shortfall at two or three, and predicted that it would take about two weeks to marshal the needed 61 votes.

Meanwhile, the battleground on the weekend shifted to Washington. Yosef Ben Aharon, director-general of Shamir's office, arrived there May 10 and promptly told White House officials that, as he explained it later, "the subject of an international conference is finished." But Peres, before leaving on his U.S. trip and a scheduled meeting with Secretary of State George Shultz, said that he would "ask the United States what it suggests to keep the peace process alive." He added: "This is a matter of life and death. It concerns the future of our children, both Jews and Arabs." It also concerned the future of the Israeli coalition, which was so utterly divided—and seemed so likely doomed.

—BOB LEVIN with ERIC SILVER in Jerusalem

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IRAN

A chronicle of abuse

When Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, the shah of Iran, was in power, he often complained about the "interference" of Amnesty International. The London-based human rights organization frequently condemned his secret police, Savak, for using torture. Last week Amnesty issued a report alleging even worse abuses by the regime of Ayatollah Ruholla Khomeini, which overthrew the shah in 1979. And among those that Amnesty blamed were people whom the organization had helped when they were prisoners of the shah—and who are now in the Iranian government. It was "particularly sad," said the Amnesty report, "that they now appear insensitive to humanitarian appeals on behalf of others."

In a scathing chronicle of abuses, the organization claimed to have "overwhelming evidence" of cruelty by the fundamentalist regime. Amnesty could not give precise figures, because none of its investigators had been allowed into Iran since the revolution. But it cited a wide range of sources including official gazettes, accounts in the government-supervised media and "hundreds of reports" by former prisoners and prisoners' relatives. Amnesty counted 115 executions in 1986, but said that the actual number was probably far greater because many executions had been kept secret. And it reported cases of prisoners being lashed with steel whips and hung for hours or days by the wrists.

The victims included members and supporters of opposition groups and of ethnic and religious minorities. But "inhuman and cruel" punishment was also inflicted on petty criminals and offenders against morality, Amnesty reported. Unmarried couples caught kissing received up to 99 lashes of the whip, adulterers and other sexual offenders were stoned to death, while inveterate thieves had their hands amputated, said Amnesty.

An Iranian Embassy spokesman in London denied that torture was allowed, saying it was against Islamic law. Where stoning, amputation and flogging did occur, they were carefully regulated, he said, adding that the Amnesty report revealed a misunderstanding of Islamic culture. That culture, he said, was "very difficult to explain."

—JOHN BIERMAN with correspondents reports



Thatchar raturning to 10 Downing Straet, trying for a third atraight tarm

BRITAIN

Campaigning for a record

Britain's Iron Lady seemed her usual super-confident self. Announcing her decision to go to the polls on June 11 in search of a third consecutive term, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, 61, hinted that she might even have a fourth term in mind. Her Conservative party's election manifesto, she said, would chart Britain's course "up to the next century." And, she added, "I hope to go on and on because I believe passionately in our policies and I believe they are right for Britain."

The decision to go to the polls 13 months before the expiry of her five-year mandate was made at Chequers, the Prime Minister's official 15th-century country residence, 72 km from London, on May 10. While her husband, Denis, celebrated his 72nd birthday by putting golf balls on the lawn, Thatcher met for four hours in the Great Parlour with her "A Team" of six senior ministers. Staring down at the gathering was a portrait of Sir Robert Walpole, British prime minister from 1721 to 1742 and the country's longest-serving political leader. The next day Thatcher went to Buckingham Palace to ask the Queen to dissolve Parliament on May 18.

Thatcher's decision to go to the polls—which if successful will make her the only British prime minister in this century to win three elections in a row—hardly came as a surprise. Her announcement capped a month of speculation. In reaching her decision she clearly hoped to take advantage of recent public opinion polls that showed the Conservatives well ahead of Labour and the Liberal-Social Democratic Alliance. Within four days of Thatcher's announcement three new polls confirmed the strength of the Tories' lead—the latest, published on May 15, giving her 46 per cent of the vote against 28 per cent for Labour and 25 per cent for the Alliance. If the polls prove reliable, Thatcher could form a new government with a reduced but still comfortable 80- to 90-seat majority in the 650-seat House of Commons, where she currently holds 391 seats.

Following the announcement, Labour Leader Neil Kinnock, 45, appealed to the Prime Minister not to campaign with "spite and smears" and to focus on the issues. "This election is about saving our country from industrial decline, social division and the destruction of community services," he said, citing the opposition's main criticisms of eight years of Thatcherism. In the three-week campaign, the Tories are expected to propose drastic changes in Britain's "cradle-to-grave" welfare system. Their plans will likely include the virtual elimination of low-rent public housing and a radical overhaul of the troubled National Health Service.

Thatcher is likely to receive a boost from recent statistics showing reduced inflation and falling unemployment. Although there are nearly three times more Britons out of work now as when she came to power in 1979, figures released on May 14 show that unemployment in April fell to 3.02 million, or 10.9

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CUT OUT AND PIN UP

per cent of the workforce, from its 1986 peak of 3.2 million, because of the improving economy. She also will be able to point to the success of her campaign to privatize major British undertakings, which has allowed small investors to acquire an interest in formerly state-owned companies such as British Telecom and British Airways. And she could reap public relations benefits by her presence at the economic summit of seven western leaders in Venice on June 8 to 10 on the eve of the election. Like her well-publicized trip to Moscow last March, the Venice summit will be an opportunity to emphasize her stature as a world figure, in contrast to the Labour and Alliance leaders, who are little-known abroad.

Another factor in Thatcher's favor is the disarray of the opposition. For much of the past three years Labour has been beset by public squabbling between its left-wing and moderate factions. And both Labour and the Alliance have undergone a crisis over their defence policies: the Liberals and Social Democrats are at odds over whether Britain should maintain an independent nuclear deterrent. And after fierce internal wrangling, Labour is committed to a highly controversial policy that would abolish Britain's deterrent and remove U.S. nuclear weapons from Britain.

Politically, the Tories were buoyed by a strong showing in local council elections on May 7. Then, on the economic front, bank interest rates fall to nine from 9.5 per cent. Last week, when Thatcher announced the early election, prices soared on the London Stock Exchange and the *Financial Times* index topped the 1,700 mark for the first time.

But while Thatcher seems to be riding the crest of a wave, many observers say that a Conservative landslide is not a foregone conclusion. Of the 650 constituencies, a significant number were won by the Tories in the last election by a small enough majority to be considered marginal. Two of those seats are held by Thatcher cabinet ministers—Trade and Industry Secretary Paul Channon and Scottish Secretary Malcolm Rifkind.

Overconfidence among the Tories and the traditional capriciousness of British voters could work against her. So could what Anthony Bevins, political editor of *The Independent* daily newspaper, calls the "that bloody woman" factor—a reference to Thatcher's assertive personal manner. Declared Bevins: "She has the appearance of very great confidence, and that might get up the noses of some people who don't like her style. British elections are always full of surprises."

—PHILIP WINSLOW in London





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A giant charts its future

Jean de Grandpré and the company he heads, Bell Canada Enterprises Inc. (BCE) of Montreal, share a number of contradictory characteristics. Both are part of Canada's corporate establishment, but the company and its chairman often display an ambitious and tough-minded determination to win. Since 1983, when BCE was created, de Grandpré has struggled as chairman to turn the cash-rich holding company from a nervous acquisitor into the aggressive entrepreneurial company that he envisions. And despite diversification into other business areas—oil and gas, printing and real estate—BCE's rank as Canada's most profitable company continues to depend largely on revenues earned by Bell Canada, its regulated, wholly owned telephone utility. Many of its attempts to expand have had only limited success, while others have been lost to quick-footed rivals.

But recently, in a bold move that surprised the business community, BCE tightened its grip on the Canadian telecommunications industry. After having lost last February in a bid as part of a consortium to buy Crown corporation Teleglobe Canada, BCE last week bought a large stake in the company that won that competition, Montreal-based Memotec Data Inc. Teleglobe holds a lucrative five-year monopoly on all Canadian overseas telecommunications signals. By purchasing a one-third interest in Memotec, which owns Teleglobe, BCE has propelled itself into the forefront of international telecommunications carriers. And because Bell Canada is Teleglobe's biggest customer currently, the deal has secured BCE its future access to international links. Despite the BCE buy, Memotec president William McKenzie said that his firm will maintain voting and policy control.

Still, BCE executives say that they are still learning the business of mergers and acquisitions. Last week they continued to deliberate on whether subsidiary TransCanada PipeLines Ltd. should make a second bid for Dome Petroleum Ltd. Last month TransCanada offered $5.3 billion for Dome but was outmanoeuvred by Amoco Canada Ltd.

BCE itself is the product of a corporate shuffle aimed at freeing Bell Canada from the restrictive federal regulations that prevented it from diversifying into other industries. Under the new structure, BCE emerged as an unregulated holding company, with access to the cash generated by the telephone utility. Last year Bell Canada made a profit of $683.9 million on revenues of $6.3 billion. That torrent of cash has helped BCE to acquire 12 subsidiaries during the past four years, including 48.5 per cent of TransCanada PipeLines Ltd. and 65.8 per cent of BCE Development Corp., formerly Daon Development Corp. Said Dominik Dlouhy, an executive vice-president with investment dealer Dean Witter Reynolds (Canada) Inc. of Montreal: "All that cash makes them desperate to buy things."

The epicentre of the $23.7-billion BCE empire is de Grandpré's 22nd-floor office overlooking Montreal's Mount Royal. A member of one of Quebec's most respected families, the 65-year-old chairman and chief executive is regarded by associates as an autocratic leader with a penchant for involving himself in every aspect of decision-making at BCE. De Grandpré's attention to detail is legendary. When BCE was negotiating to build a new head office in downtown Montreal two years ago, he is reputed to have insisted on approving every contractor involved in the land survey, including soil testers and site surveyors.



De Grandpré and a small group of his senior executives took just 48 hours to make their final decision in early May to spend $196 million on a one-third interest in Memotec. That demonstrated that although BCE is Canada's most widely held public company, with more than 338,000 shareholders, power at BCE is tightly controlled. Said Stuart Spalding, BCE's executive vice-president of finance and one of the chairman's closest advisers: "De Grandpré is very active, very involved and has the final word on everything."

But some critics claim that de Grandpré's management style is more suited to running the Bell utility than controlling the holding company. Said Andrew Roman, a Toronto lawyer who has battled Bell in court and before government regulators for 13 years on behalf of telephone consumers: "They have a fantasy that they are go-go capitalists. But they still can't run a business."

Indeed, the company's conservative approach to acquisitions has forced it to lose out on some potentially valuable opportunities. In 1985, after months of study, de Grandpré cancelled plans to bid for Gulf Canada Corp. And last year TransCanada PipeLines withdrew from a rapidly escalating bidding war for Hiram Walker Resources Ltd. Said Spalding: "Acquisitions are a tough game, but we believe our conservative approach is in our shareholders' best interests."

Some close observers of the company also say that bureaucratic struggles for authority among the BCE subsidiaries, as well as top managers jockeying for position to eventually succeed de Grandpré, have made BCE a political minefield. In 1985 a decision by de Grandpré to merge the Bell and Northern Telecom Ltd. pension funds fostered open hostility among executives at its communications equipment manufacturing subsidiary. And officials within the company say that following the publicly embarrassing and still unresolved dismissal of two senior BCE pension fund managers in February, 1986, de Grandpré was harshly criticized by some of the pension fund's joint venture partners for failing to control the situation. Said Richard Jones, a Toronto lawyer who warned de Grandpré of the unrest: "Bell is Byzantine in terms of its internal politics."

Many observers also blame internal politicking and a clash of business styles for the early retirement on Dec. 31 of Robert J. Richardson, then BCE's president. Richardson was once widely expected to succeed de Grandpré as chairman. But Richardson has confided to friends that his activist approach in managing the company—a manner acquired during a previous career as an operational executive at Du Pont of Canada Ltd.—never meshed with the more cautious style promoted by de Grandpré and Spalding.

But one area in which BCE's corporate style is not as conservative is its generous compensation policies. At $977,300, de Grandpré's 1986 salary package made him one of the highest-paid executives in Canada. BCE is also openhanded with departing executives. Under terms of the settlement, former company president Richardson or his beneficiary will receive $19,250 every month for the next 20 years.

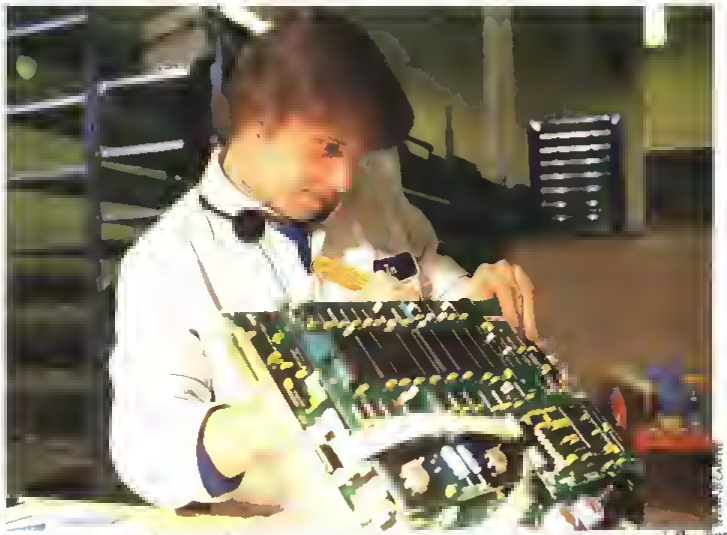
For de Grandpré, the Teleglobe stake is something he has long sought. As the largest user of Teleglobe's facilities, Bell officials have always enjoyed a close working and social relationship with Teleglobe management. Indeed, Jean-Claude Delorme, Teleglobe's president and chief executive officer, was the best man at Spalding's wedding in 1960. But last winter, when Ottawa auctioned off Teleglobe as part of its current privatization program for Crown corporations, Bell rejected an offer to participate in a joint bid with the then-little-known Memotec. Bell was already bidding with another consortium—and lost to Memotec's $488.3-million offer.

Undeterred, BCE then attempted to buy into Memotec. The first overtures were made indirectly through the Toronto-based underwriting firm of Burns Fry Ltd. But those discussions broke down in early May and Memotec announced plans to proceed with a $150-million public share offering to raise the money needed to help pay for Teleglobe. Then, BCE's Spalding intervened, telephoning Ronald Meade, a longtime friend and a founder of Altamira Capital Corp., one of Memotec's major shareholders. Spalding warned him that BCE's interest in Memotec was a now-or-never proposition. "The Memotec people are proud of having built this shell of a company into a real force, and they were worried about sacrificing their independence," said Spalding.

But Memotec officials also were concerned that when Teleglobe's monopoly on overseas telecommunications expires in 1992, BCE would likely emerge as a tough competitor. Added Spalding: "We made it clear that this was their last chance to get on side." Two days after that call, BCE and Memotec concluded an agreement under which, officials from both companies insist, Memotec will remain in control of Teleglobe. The purchase agreement also puts strict controls on BCE's investment, including limits on its ability to vote for directors.

Still, many analysts say that it is a shrewd acquisition. Indeed, some say that Teleglobe may be even more valuable to BCE in Memotec's hands because the federal government established Teleglobe's rate of return on its asset base higher than some other domestic carriers. And, said David Stenason, an analyst with Montreal investment dealer Lévesque, Beaubien Inc., "the federal government gave Memotec much more favorable treatment than it would have given Bell." For de Grandpré, who has confided to some associates that he would like to finish his career as a Canadian ambassador to France, there is still unfinished business at BCE. Indeed when the BCE board asked him to stay at the helm last year, de Grandpré recalled that they said: "You've launched an organization that is still in diapers. You can't leave right now."

—ERUCE WALLACE in Montreal with THERESA TEDESCO in Toronto



Memotec technician, McKenzie (below): tightening BCE's grip on communications



De Grandpré: plans for an aggressive entrepreneurial role



Saunders' unrelenting drive, success at Guinness and more evidence to come

Downfall of a titan

During his 5½ years at the helm of the British brewing conglomerate Guinness PLC, Ernest Walter Saunders established himself as one of the country's top executives He transformed Guinness from a moribund company into a world-class competitor But when the grey-haired, 51-year-old Saunders sat pale and unshaven in a London courtroom earlier this month charged with fraud and related offences, only his blue pinstripe suit hinted at his executive pedigree And last week, after posting bail of $1 1 million, he proclaimed his innocence "Those who are responsible for my current situation will be exposed"

Saunders, widely known as "Deadly Ernest" for his unrelenting drive, is at the fulcrum of a securities scandal that has rocked London's financial district for six months At 9 30 a m last Dec 1, officials with Britain's department of trade and industry (DTI) raided Guinness's offices in the posh Portman Square district of London and subsequently seized confidential corporate documents. Since then, the affair has spread to touch other top executives in Europe and includes Ivan Boesky, the disgraced Wall Street stock trader.

Saunders was born in Vienna on Oct 21, 1935, the son of a Jewish gynecologist The family escaped to Britain in 1938 on the eve of the Nazi invasion of Austria, and Saunders later anglicized his name from Schleyer He graduated with a law degree from Emmanuel College, Cambridge But while he toyed with the idea of becoming a lawyer, he instead chose advertising and quickly developed a reputation as a brilliant marketing expert In a succession of jobs, he ascended to the top ranks of European business

In 1981 he was asked by Lord Iveagh, the head of the Guinness family, to take over the struggling company Guinness s profits had been low for 10 years as its numerous diversification plans went sour and shifting consumer preference worked against its key product—the dark and heavy Guinness stout Saunders accepted, and by 1983 he had sold off a number of unprofitable Guinness subsidiaries and had axed other expansion plans His cutbacks and new marketing strategies pushed profits up by 106 per cant between 1981 and 1985 The Guinness family, which saw the value of its own fortune soar, rewarded him with a $1 million salary during his last 15 months with Guinness

Then, in 1984, with Guinness in fighting trim, Saunders decided to expand the firm through a series of takeovers, including a newspaper distributorship and a whisky distilling company But in January, 1986, a $5 6-billion takeover attempt of Distillers Co PLC, a large whisky distiller, ran into heavy bidding competition from Argyll Group PLC, a Scottish grocery store chain

According to evidence offered in a separate civil action involving Guinness and Saunders, the takeover began to falter and Saunders hatched a plan to shore up Guinness's position Because its bid for Distillers included exchanging Guinness shares for Distillers paper, the value of the offer could be increased by artificially pushing up the value of Guinness's shares During 1986 Saunders allegedly paid $33 5 million to a colorful cast of international characters and institutions so that they could buy $268 million worth of Guinness shares

But Saunders' plan was apparently uncovered during a U S. Securities and Exchange Commission investigation into Boesky's dealings last summer The New York stock trader tipped authorities to Saunders' plot when he exchanged his knowledge of illegal insider trading for a more lenient prison sentence, said sources close to the British investigation Meanwhile, Guinness's auditors, perplexed by a number of unexplained payments, alerted the DTI

On Jan 7 Saunders stepped down as chairman, and on Jan 14 he was fired without compensation. He later left Britain, and when he returned from Switzerland two weeks ago he was arrested by Scotland Yard's fraud squad On May 7 Saunders appeared in a London magistrate's court to face charges of attempting to pervert the course of justice and destroying and falsifying documents He did not enter a plea, but in his statement last week he vowed to "vigorously contest" the charges

Saunders' colleagues describe him as a man who was always determined to win But they say that they are at a loss to explain why he would jeopardize a brilliant career and the future of the company that he had worked so hard to restore—and which could face huge damage claims from Argyll Said Rev Oscar Muspratt, a Church of England vicar and a close friend of Saunders', "He has been crushed by the weight of vicious accusations"

—TOM FENNELL with IAN MATHER in London

Dome's day of reckoning

It was a skeptical audience Behind closed doors at a luxury Toronto hotel, Dome Petroleum Ltd executives faced anxious creditors to reveal details of Dome's proposed $5 2-billion takeover by American-owned Amoco Canada Petroleum Co Ltd Accompanied by a 100-slide presentation, Dome chairman J Howard Macdonald personally outlined the complicated deal to about 200 officials representing Dome's 60 creditors, owed a total of $6 3 billion For three weeks since the deal was announced, there had been speculation about whether the pact would be acceptable to the oil firm's lenders And as they emerged from the three-hour meeting on May 14, their sombre expressions reflected their disappointment Secured creditors were to get an average of 88 5 per cent back on their loans, and spokesmen for several important lenders told *Maclean's* that the deal was not acceptable Indeed, a creditor and shareholder revolt appeared to be imminent

Several of the lenders, including five major Canadian banks, said that Amoco would have to sweeten its bid for the debt-ridden oil firm Some of them said that they would approve a bid—from Amoco or another potential suitor—that gave them at least 10 per cent more return on their loans But after the creditors' meeting, Dome's Macdonald said that there was no room for negotiation. "The deal is on the table," he told reporters "Whether they take it is up to them" Still, there was speculation that TransCanada PipeLines Ltd (TCPL) and Imperial Oil Ltd, whose earlier bids were rejected by Dome in favor of Amoco's proposal, were planning to appeal directly to the creditors



Macdonald (left) and Stacy. 'no room for negotiation' and rumors of a rival bid

Under the Amoco proposal, Dome's creditors would be required to forgive $1 16 billion—or just over 18 per cent—of the company's debt Secured creditors—including the Canadian banks and a consortium of 28 U S lenders led by New York-based Citibank—would be repaid an average of 88 5 per cent of their loans from a package of cash and securities Together, those lenders account for $4 3 billion worth of loans Unsecured creditors would receive about 35 per cent of their total $1.9-billion loan from a similar package of cash and securities Dome's common shareholders, whose shares had plummeted to the $1 40 range at week's end from a high of $25 38 in 1981, would receive $1 50 a share, while preferred shareholders would get $7 50

As part of its bid, Amoco agreed not to ask for special tax concessions from the federal government Indeed, Amoco Canada president T Don Stacy said last week that the company will pay Dome's $180 million in overdue petroleum gas revenue tax levies To raise money, Amoco plans to sell Dome Petroleum's 21 5-percent interest in Dome Mines Ltd and its 42-per-cent stake in Encor Energy Corp Inc (formerly Dome Canada Ltd), a Calgary-based oil and gas producer The sales are expected to generate about $600 million, to be shared by the Canadian banks that hold the paper as collateral against Dome Petroleum loans

Still, the five Canadian banks, which are owed about $3 billion of Dome's total debt, made it clear that they were not satisfied Susan de Stein, assistant general manager at the Toronto-Dominion Bank, which is owed $750 million, called the proposal "unacceptable." She said that an increase of about $500 million to secured creditors would make the offer acceptable Among major debts to the banks, Dome also owes the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce $900 million and the Bank of Montreal $800 million

Dome now faces a June 30 deadline for an agreement in principle from its creditors on rescheduling its debt. Dome's program for completing the takeover would then involve a meeting with shareholders in October to get final approval for the Amoco deal If the federal review agency Investment Canada authorizes the sale, it would then become final on Nov 30

But creditor approval is critical for any Dome takeover because the Calgary-based oil and gas firm is unable to meet most of its debt payments If the major lenders reject the Amoco proposal, they could begin calling in their loans, plunging Dome into bankruptcy But in that case, many of the creditors could potentially receive even less than they would under the Amoco offer.

For his part, Macdonald scoffed at the creditors' reaction "They have nothing if we have no deal," he said, emphasizing that Amoco's was the best offer Dome received during 18 months of negotiations with three bidders Macdonald, who will receive benefits totalling more than $2 million if the deal is finalized, said that he remained confident that the merger with Amoco would proceed But he conceded, "The process is far from over"

—THERESA TEDESCO with ANN WALMSLEY in Toronto

Guardians for the Far North



By Peter C. Newman

Now that the defence of northern sovereignty is being treated by Ottawa with the seriousness it deserves, Canadian defence planners should have another look at one of the free world's most cost-efficient surveillance machines: the airborne warning and control system, better known as AWACS.

While nuclear-powered submarines may soon maintain sovereignty over the Northwest Passage, and the updated radar chain now under construction across the top of the country will spot most incoming planes and missiles, the only way to guarantee that we really know what's happening in our North is to use these U.S.-made flying radar and command stations.

Unlike other forms of surveillance, the $200-million planes, made by the Boeing Company of Seattle, can cope with interference from the aurora borealis. They can also detect aircraft capable of underflying or otherwise sneaking around stationary radar installations.

Without most Canadians being aware of it, our airmen already crew these intricate flying platforms, operating under NATO command out of Gailenkirchen, West Germany, and under Norad auspices out of Tinker Air Force Base in Oklahoma. Since about 250 Canadian servicemen are involved on a rotating basis in these training exercises, we would have relatively little trouble manning the aircraft, should we decide to acquire them. (The Soviet Union has its own AWACS, known as MOSS, which are really converted Tupolev-126s.)

At the moment, 57 AWACS are already in service, 34 with the U.S. air force, 18 with NATO and five in Saudi Arabia, with more on order for all three of these fleets. The French have ordered three and have an option for two more, and Japan is doing operational studies before deciding on the number of units it will need—probably seven. During last year's rumble between Libya and Chad, the American air force landed a couple of AWACS in Egypt. Their presence is supposed to have deterred Moammar Gadhafi's airborne manoeuvres, especially the air raids against Chad.

The example that intrigues Canadian defence planners is the United Kingdom, which recently purchased six AWACS and has an option on two more. To get the $1.9-billion order, Boeing agreed to spend at least 130 per cent of the cost of that purchase on aerospace projects in Britain. If Ottawa were to buy AWACS, large subcontracts would presumably go to the de Havilland Aircraft of Canada plant that Boeing owns at Downsview, Ont. But other subcontractors would have to share the job, especially Canadair, which is well-equipped to handle larger aircraft.



AWACS crewman: airborne surveillance

According to Ron B. Smith, who is in charge of marketing AWACS for Boeing, Canada would need to maintain three AWACS in the air (and have one spare) for efficient arctic surveillance. "You could keep each one flying 12 or even 18 hours at a time, patrolling and investigating any special situations that come up," he told me. "The aircraft are designed to fly about 65 hours a month, but we have been averaging 85 or 90 hours and in straight search mode have flown them 200 hours."

There is no comparison with the territory that can be surveyed from a radar scope 100 feet up the mast of an icebreaker moving perhaps 30 miles a day, though that will be the only alternative sovereignty enforcer in the high Arctic once the $320-million Polar 8 is completed. AWACS cruise at an altitude of 40,000 feet, moving at more than 400 miles per hour. Taking into account the earth's curvature, they can survey a radius of about 240 miles at a time. That translates into more than 180,000 square miles for each separate sweep—in excess of 1.5 million square miles per 12-hour mission.

What that means in European terms, for example, is that in one mission one AWACS can survey an area covering all of France, both Germanys, Belgium, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Switzerland and parts of Czechoslovakia and Italy. The airplane is not armed, but it can co-ordinate vector gunfire from other sources, as well as guide missiles and jet fighters to appropriate targets. In Canada's case, the flying radar stations would certainly be used with the squadrons of CF-18s currently being deployed to five far-northern airbases. In fact, the AWACS can be fitted to carry extra tanks in their wings to refuel CF-18s in flight, doubling their effective range.

Airborne surveillance dates back to the hot-air balloons used for observation during the Napoleonic Wars. With AWACS, the observer is a sophisticated 30-foot-wide saucer-shaped sensor called a rotodome, mounted on the plane's cabin in front of the tail assembly. The current technology is so fast and so complicated that the aircraft's operators, seated behind as many as 14 separate consoles, can track more than 600 targets at the same time, and the data being fed through the rotodome can be used in many military and civilian applications.

To remain in the state of constant alert required for effective surveillance of the Canadian North, the AWACS would probably have to be stationed in Frobisher Bay, N.W.T., Cold Lake, Alta., Whitehorse, Y.T., Goose Bay, Nfld., and perhaps North Bay, Ont. But the AWACS fleet would also require a southern headquarters, and if Defence Minister Perrin Beatty is looking for a way to sell the idea to his cabinet colleagues, what better incentive than to station the new flying radar stations on the semi-abandoned runways of Mirabel?



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As a schoolboy, director **Michael Bogdanov** says that he found Shakespeare's plays "boring." Added the award-winning co-founder of the English Shakespeare Company, which visits Canada this month "We spent an entire term on one soliloquy of *Hamlet*. That's the way to kill it" Bogdanov—whose acclaimed productions of *Henry IV, Parts I and II*, and *Henry V* open on May 18 at Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre for a six-week run—said that his goal "is to make the plays as modern and relevant as possible" To that end, he uses guns to replace swords and the actors dress in punk style. Declared Bogdanov, 48 "I start from the standpoint that people have never read the plays or seen them, couldn't care less whether Shakespeare lived or died—then maybe I stand some chance of telling the stories"



ARS COUTURE

Walters, playing a notorious madam who wants respect

Working-class women are the most interesting, says British actress **Julie Walters**, herself from a working-class background Walters, 37—who shot to fame after playing the proletarian but inquisitive Rita in the 1983 movie *Educating Rita*—plays a waitress who establishes an exclusive brothel in London in the upcoming movie *Personal Services* Her role is based on **Cynthia Payne**, the notorious madam acquitted last February of charges of controlling prostitutes after a trial spiced with descriptions of sex parties. Of Payne, Walters said, "She runs a brothel, yet she has middle-class aspirations to respectability"

After three heady days at the prestigious Cannes Film Festival, actress **Sheila McCarthy** returned to work at Ontario's Stratford Festival In Cannes, the Toronto actress was besieged by autograph seekers after *I've Heard the Mermaids Singing*, a low-budget Canadian movie in which she stars as an underachieving secretary, won a rare standing ovation at its screening on May 10 Still, McCarthy, 31, had little time to savor the movie-star treatment. In 24 hours last week, she went from the limelight to Stratford and rehearsals of *Cabaret* and a school performance of *The School for Scandal*, an 18th-century comedy of manners Declared McCarthy: "It took a great deal of concentration to go back to the 18th century"



LAUS ANDERSON

McCarthy: a rare standing ovation

Thirty years after her three-year marriage to **Rock Hudson**, **Phyllis Gates** has written about life with the movie actor who died of AIDS in 1985 In *My Husband, Rock Hudson*, Gates—who never remarried—claims "I had the power to destroy Rock but I didn't use it To have exposed his other life would have been vicious and vindictive." But Gates, 61, recalls that she was shocked to discover that her husband was gay. "He had always been the manliest of men Though our love-making had often been brief, we had also known moments of sexual passion." Now her publishers say that Gates refuses to discuss the book Said Doubleday spokesman **John Pitts**: "She cannot stand up emotionally to the scrutiny of the press"

Dozens of residents of Dawson City, in the Yukon, had a chance to act as extras recently alongside **John Schneider** and **Tom Wopat**, who starred in the now-cancelled television series *Dukes of Hazzard* They were helping to make *Christmas Comes to Willow Creek*, a U.S. television movie to be broadcast in December But even in Dawson City most of the snow melts by May, and the movie's crew had to spray mountains of white foam onto a street and use an ice-making machine to simulate a blizzard. Of her experience as an extra, longtime resident **Madeleine Gould**, 65, said, "Standing in the sun with your tuque and mitts was pretty hot" She added, "We were told we could have snacks, but when we did go to have them, we were told they didn't have any"

Sadat: fund-raising



BERTRAND CARRIER

The widow of Egyptian President **Anwar Sadat**, **Jihan Sadat**, says that she still hopes to further the Middle East peace initiatives begun by her husband, who was assassinated in 1981 Sadat spoke at a recent dinner in Montreal for **Paul Ivanier**, the president of Ivaco Inc., which is financing a new department of robotics at Israel's Ben-Gurion University Sadat, 53, now lives in the United States, where she is working on her autobiography Said the former Egyptian first lady: "I share in any fund-raising for any university in the world I am helping a friend, not an enemy"

—Edited by YVONNE COX

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THE NAZI HUNT

Those who lose a war are called war criminals. The winners become the redressers of wrongs.—Klaus Barbie

The wrongs of former SS *Obersturmführer* (lieutenant) and convicted war criminal Klaus Barbie are well-documented: he ordered 4,342 executions and deported 7,591 Jews to Nazi death camps. That record alone would suffice to have earned Barbie his place in the pantheon of Nazi evil. But it was not the raw figures that earned the so-called Butcher of Lyons his reputation, it was what his superiors in the Gestapo called "enthusiasm" and what one of his surviving victims, 86-year-old Lise Lesèvre, last week called "the absolute joy he took in making others suffer."

Lesèvre and others recall that he would sometimes cease burning, maiming, drowning or kicking his prisoners in order to fondle his secretary or play a love song on a nearby piano. They also remember the roles that he devised for his two German shepherd dogs in the torture sessions. That is what made Klaus Barbie unforgettable to his victims. And that is why, according to Lesèvre, "He must pay."

Terror: That simple vision of justice is what led to Barbie's extradition from his refuge in La Paz, Bolivia, in 1983, and to his forced return to France 39 years after he left. And it has led a generation of French Jews to regard the Barbie trial as a valuable lesson in remembrance for their children. But in the years between Barbie's arrest and his arraignment in the crowded Palais de Justice in Lyons last week, that vision has become clouded and uncertain. Aided by by his ultra-leftist lawyer, Jacques Vergès (page 41), Barbie threatened to turn the tables on his accusers and expose members of the French Resistance who had collaborated in his campaign of terror. Vergès had pledged to expose what he called France's "shameful past" before an international audience and to drag Barbie's accusers down from their moral high ground (page 40).

That prospect transfixed the French media and triggered a fierce historical debate about the extent of French collaboration during the Second World War. As a result, by the time Barbie finally came to trial, the aura of righteousness that originally surrounded the case had largely evaporated. In its place was an atmosphere of tension, a sense that when The Butcher of Lyons rose to give his own account of events, anything could happen.



Barbie: collaboration, killings and an 'absolute joy in making others suffer'

Barbie's trial took its first twist after just three days when the defendant stunned the court on May 13 by announcing that he was leaving the court. After patiently listening to a long series of statements followed by brief questions from the judges, Barbie declared himself to be "the victim of a kidnapping" and demanded his return to St. Joseph Prison in Lyons, where he has been held since 1983 in a comfortable four-room suite. Barbie was exercising his right under French law, and for the rest of the week the glass-shielded prisoner's dock remained empty.

Victims: Many plaintiffs expressed regret at being denied the opportunity to confront Barbie. Vergès said that his client had adopted the tactic on the advice of a Bolivian lawyer who is contesting his expulsion from that country. But lawyer Serge Klarsfeld, who is representing many Jewish plaintiffs in the case, declared, "Finally, the executioner showed he was weaker than his victims."

Barrier: Barbie's absence left an eerie vacuum at the heart of the spectacle in Lyons. The trial is being staged in the entrance foyer of the city's largest courthouse, newly renovated to accommodate the extraordinary cast of characters that has found a role in the drama. To that end, 400 folding chairs, most of them reserved for journalists, now dominate the classical Salle des pas perdus (literally, the room of lost steps).

Ranged along three walls is a make-shift balcony occupied by 150 individuals who have claims against Barbie. They include Lesèvre, an aged Resistance member who survived Barbie's torture, and the grandchildren of victims who did not. Facing them on a high dais are three magistrates and nine jurors, with about 40 of the victims' lawyers ranged on tiers to the judges' right. And to their left, Jacques Vergès sits alone beneath the now-empty prisoner's dock.

Barbie's decision left Vergès at centre stage. At the same time, it removed one more barrier from the attorney's determination to put France itself, rather than Klaus Barbie, on trial. According to Erna Paris of Toronto, the author of the 1985 book *Unhealed Wounds: France and the Klaus Barbie Affair*, the attorney's pretrial tactics have already been successful. She added that he had robbed many of the people who originally urged Barbie's extradition of a clear-cut victory.



Security forces covering Barbie's arrival at court: victims, witnesses and a simple vision of justice

In order to combat Vergès' strategy, the 40 lawyers representing his victims held silent vigils the day before the trial began at two sites certain to be prominent in their case. One of them was a farmhouse near the village of Izieu, 60 km southwest of Lyons. There, 44 Jewish children and seven of their supervisors remained hidden from persecution—until April 6, 1944, when Barbie sent a squad of armed police to round them up and deport them to the Auschwitz concentration camp in Germany. The other was Montluc prison, the dungeon-like 19th-century fortress in Lyons where Barbie carried out his tortures and ordered executions. At both locations, the lawyers pledged unity against Vergès' tactics to divide them and deflect attention from Barbie's crimes.

Genocide: In building its case over four years, the prosecution focused it narrowly. One reason was that Barbie has already been tried twice in his absence by French courts, once in 1952 and again in 1954. In both instances he was found guilty of war crimes and sentenced to death, but the convictions are now void according to a statute of limitations, and the law protected him from being tried again on the same charges. As a result, the prosecution chose to try Barbie for "crimes against humanity," a charge adopted by the United Nations in 1945 to deal with Nazi atrocities and incorporated into the French penal code in 1964. No statute of limitations applies to that law, which specifically prohibits the genocide that Barbie is accused of practis-





Gudesin; Klabindar: genocide and a convoy of orphans

ing against the children of Izieu.

The law does not cover efforts to suppress the Resistance, but the case against Barbie contains one controversial charge related to the execution and deportation of Resistance members. It was included after a French court ruled that such actions were excessive enough to qualify as crimes against humanity. But many observers say that Vergès will use the charge to derail the trial. French politician and Auschwitz survivor Simone Veil, for one, called it "a catastrophe."

Mystery: Still, others have welcomed the opportunity to re-examine the role of the Resistance, which until recently has enjoyed an inviolate reputation in France. Many Frenchmen are eager to learn more about Resistance leader Jean Moulin. Moulin, whose wartime feats have earned him a reputation as one of France's greatest heroes, was allegedly betrayed by a comrade and murdered by Barbie. Barbie has denied torturing Moulin—despite the accounts of those who witnessed the results—and the question of who betrayed him is still a mystery.

By contrast, there is little doubt about the fate of the Izieu children, an incident that is central to the case against Barbie: all of them, with the exception of one of their adult supervisors, died at Auschwitz. Indeed, the prosecutors plan to introduce a telegram, signed by Barbie, reporting the roundup to his superiors. But there is no evidence that Barbie was present when the Gestapo grabbed the children in the middle of their breakfast and pitched them into the backs of two waiting trucks—the start of a cold-blooded action unparalleled in the annals of occupied France.

The testimony of individuals who survived Barbie's tortures will likely be equally compelling. Edith Klebinder, for one, was on the same convoy that transported the doomed children of Izieu to Auschwitz. And Francine Gudesin, who owned a Lyons café that was frequented by Resistance members, displayed the disfiguring facial injuries that she says were inflicted by one of Barbie's aides.



Auschwitz survivors, Moulin (below). French politicians ordered French police to deport Jews

For her part, Lesèvre said that she survived 19 days of torture before being deported to a death camp where, miraculously, she survived. "Fortunately, I could faint easily," she said. "But each time I woke up, it was with Barbie kicking me in the face." Added Mario Bardone, another Resistance member who was captured by Barbie. "We told each other that if any one of us survived, for as long as he lived he would tell how the others died. At the liberation, the camp survivors solemnly promised this."



Triumphs: To Serge Klarsfeld, the lawyer who has meticulously documented those lurid crimes, Barbie was "among the most cruel, the most zealous of the chiefs of the Nazi police." A French Jew whose father was murdered by Nazis, Klarsfeld and his Protestant German wife, Beate, have pursued Barbie and other Nazis with unswerving dedication. Beate first gained attention in the late 1960s with her dogged campaign to discredit West German Chancellor Kurt-Georg Kiesinger after she discovered that he had been a high-level functionary in the Nazi propaganda machine run by Joseph Goebbels. Her persistent attacks damaged Kiesinger's reputation, and he lost the 1969 election to Social Democrat Willy Brandt. The Klarsfelds then continued their search for hidden Nazis, and their triumphs during the 1970s include the exposure of three former leaders of the Gestapo in occupied France. Those men were subsequently tried and convicted, but finding Barbie and forcing his return to France remains their crowning achievement.

Tactics: The hunt began in 1971, when Beate Klarsfeld learned that West German authorities were dropping the case against Barbie because of what they considered to be a lack of evidence. She lobbied the Munich investigators relentlessly, staged public demonstrations and unearthed more evidence of Barbie's crimes. Her efforts succeeded, and the West German authorities reopened the case. Soon afterward, the couple traced Barbie to Bolivia. Then, using the confrontational tactics that had proven successful in Europe, Beate went to La Paz in 1972 accompanied by the surviving mother of a family persecuted by Barbie. There, the two women publicly lobbied the country's military government to arrest him.

Assassination: At first her efforts were unsuccessful, even though the French government had also requested Barbie's extradition. One reason, operating under the alias Klaus Altmann, Barbie had, over the course of 20 years, embedded himself deep within the Bolivian establishment. Officially a director of a company devoted to building a navy for the landlocked nation, Barbie was also active as an arms trafficker and as a linchpin in the country's thriving drug trade, according to former Bolivian deputy minister Gustavo Sánchez Salasar, who testified at the trial last week. Sánchez added that Barbie had also organized a terrorist group known as the Bridegrooms of Death which protected the country's cocaine barons. It was not until 1983, a year after a democratic government came into power, that Barbie lost his protected status and was expelled from Bolivia.

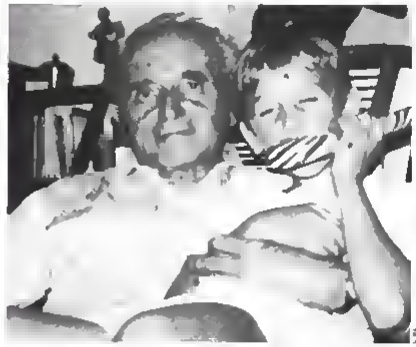
Still, the Klarsfelds alienated some supporters—and less militant Nazi hunters—when they acknowledged in 1985 that they had planned to assassinate Barbie when it appeared that he would never leave Bolivia. The couple's numerous enemies have since reciprocated, twice trying to bomb them. But the Klarsfelds' activism has proven effective not only in bringing criminals to justice, but also in spreading awareness of the treatment of French Jews during the Nazi occupation.

The Klarsfelds' success in getting Barbie to trial has revived efforts to bring war criminals into court before the last witness to the Holocaust dies. To that end, Israel and the United States recently co-operated in bringing former Ukrainian death camp guard John Demjanjuk to trial. In Jerusalem, Demjanjuk is accused of brutalizing prisoners at the Treblinka death camp in Nazi-occupied Poland before driving them into the gas chambers. Now in its 13th week, the trial of "Ivan the Terrible" is broadcast live on television and radio and commands intense interest in Israel.



The children of Izieu, tossed in trucks during a Gestapo raid at breakfast time

At its centre is a man who for years after the war lived peaceably in Cleveland, where he was an autoworker. His extradition last year represents the greatest success to date of the U.S. Office for Special Investigations, a special federal unit formed in 1979 to root out Nazi criminals who found refuge in that country. The OSI has stripped 22 naturalized Americans of their citizenship and forced them out of the country. In addition, it has 27 cases in the courts now and more than 500 investigations under way.



Barbie with his grandson in Bolivia: an old man in a suit

U.S. authorities recently deported two suspected war criminals to the Soviet Union after studying Soviet-supplied evidence of crimes they had allegedly committed. They are Fyodor Fedorenko, sentenced to death last June in the Crimean city of Simferopol, and Karl Linnas, who lost an eight-year legal battle last month when he was sent back to the Soviet Union to face charges resulting from his command of a death camp in the Estonian city of Tartu.

Guilt: The activism of the OSI contrasts with the dwindling strength of Israel's official Nazi hunters, the members of a special police unit formed at the time of the trial of Adolf Eichmann in 1961. At its peak, the unit employed 16 officers, but Israeli authorities are no longer replacing retiring members, and there are now only seven officers serving in the unit. But, declared the unit commander, chief superintendent

Menachem Roussek, "as long as there are any Nazi criminals still alive and as long as there are still witnesses, we have to go on working." He estimated that the end of the hunt would come within 10 to 15 years.

As both the Barbie and Demjanjuk cases demonstrate, the history of Nazi genocide has lost none of its power to shock. Just as clearly, prosecutors and many Holocaust survivors say that the passage of decades has done nothing to erase the guilt of war criminals. But some observers say that the Barbie trial is nothing more than a media circus and that it is unlikely to have any lasting impact. One of them, philosopher Alain Finkielkraut said that the trial "will be no better than a rugby final. Everyone anticipates the big game, everyone is glued to the action while it unfolds, and two days later nobody can remember the score."

Bluff: Finkielkraut acknowledges that the trial could have widespread repercussions in France if Vergès and Barbie are successful in their attempt to expose high-level collaborators within the vaunted Resistance. But that is unlikely to happen, according to Michael Marrus, University of Toronto historian and co-author of the 1981 book *Vichy France and the Jews*. He called the threat "a colossal bluff."

As well, Marrus denies claims that the trial could damage the fabric of French society. The reason, he said, is that the full extent of French collaboration with the Nazis has been thoroughly aired over the past 15 years, beginning in 1969 with the release of Marcel Ophuls's landmark documentary film, *The Sorrow and the Pity*. Now, noted Marrus, the myth of widespread participation in the Resistance has been revised, if not destroyed. French schoolchildren now learn in their own textbooks that 90 per cent of the 76,000 French Jews deported to Nazi death camps during the war were sent there not by Germans but by French police acting on orders from French politicians. Only 3,000 returned.

The courtroom appearances of an old man in a neat, sombre-toned suit last week introduced to the world someone accused of condemning 44 children to certain death—and refusing to repent for his actions. The survivors of the Holocaust say that the benign appearance of the man in handcuffs should not blur the fact that such crimes did occur. For Barbie, his victims and the rest of the world, the trial is a vivid reminder that the Holocaust is much more than a remote episode in history.

—JOHN BARBER with BURTON BOLLAG in Lyons, BRIGID JANSSEN in Paris, ERIC SILVER in Jerusalem and WILLIAM LOWTHER in Washington



Zundel: a claim that the Holocaust was a hoax and a charge of spreading false news

CANADA'S NAZI PRESENCE

The small white house in a working-class area of east Vancouver is unremarkable—apart from the fact that it shelters a convicted war criminal who has never been punished for helping the Nazis during their occupation of Holland. In 1948 a Dutch court sentenced Jacob Luitjens to life imprisonment for his crimes. But Luitjens, who managed to flee from his homeland to Paraguay after the war ended, entered Canada in 1961 and became a citizen 10 years later. Ottawa refused a 1981 extradition request from the Dutch government because Canada's extradition treaty with the Netherlands did not specifically cover collaboration with the enemy.

Luitjens, a 66-year-old retired bottle factory teacher, denies that he committed such crimes as helping to arrange the executions of a German army deserter and a Dutch underground member. But his tranquil postwar life has fuelled the anger of Jewish community leaders who say that Canada has done a poor job of tracking down and prosecuting war criminals. Declared Irwin Cotler, a law professor at Montreal's McGill University: "For 40 years the issue has not been a lack of legal remedy but a lack of political will." Indeed, he and other critics say that Ottawa's failure to prosecute Nazis encourages anti-Semites to disseminate hate literature against Jews and question the reality of the Holocaust.

Hit list: Still, a royal commission report by Quebec Superior Court Justice Jules Deschênes in March has given Cotler and other critics new hope for government action. That is because Deschênes' 837-page report is the first comprehensive attempt to verify the presence of war criminals in Canada. It also dispelled the myth that thousands of former Nazis had found refuge here and recommended that the government move quickly against at least 20 alleged war criminals and conduct investigations of another 218 suspects.

To that end, federal Justice Minister Ramon Hnatyshyn has begun to draft amendments to the Canadian Criminal Code that would permit prosecutors to lay charges for crimes that allegedly occurred in wartime Europe. Hnatyshyn said that he expects to have the legislation passed before Parliament adjourns for its summer recess in June or July. But he faces an overloaded government agenda and competition from other cabinet ministers who also want to get their bills passed. As a result, Liberal justice critic Robert Kaplan expressed concern that war criminals might slip out of the country before the proposed changes take effect and they can be brought to trial. Said Kaplan: "I would be very surprised if some of the people on the hit list have not already taken steps to protect themselves."

Burden: Hnatyshyn has already authorized the formation of a special investigative team. The unit—which is still being assembled—will try to find war criminals and compile evidence against them. That step was praised by Allan A. Ryan Jr., a Harvard University lawyer and former director of the Office of Special Investigations, a U.S. federal unit with similar responsibilities for war criminals. But, declared Ryan: "Until some concrete steps are taken to actually bring Nazis to the dock, the burden is still upon Canada to show that it is serious." For its part, the OSI has achieved some notable successes since its formation in 1979, with 27 cases now before the courts and 500 more under investigation. Its greatest coup to date: the extradition of John Demjanjuk (Ivan the Terrible), who is currently on trial in Israel.

Still, spokesman for eastern European communities in the United States have objected to an OSI mandate that combines the tasks of investigation and prosecution in a single office. To forestall similar criticism in Canada, Hnatyshyn has adopted a recommendation from Deschênes that Ottawa's Nazi-hunting unit take action against suspected war criminals in a two-step process. First, RCMP officers attached to the unit would submit their investigation reports to justice department lawyers who would then decide if charges should be laid.

Wounds: In addition, the Quebec judge tried to remove continuing sources of friction between ethnic communities and Canada's Jewish population. To that end, Deschênes vindicated as many as 600 Ukrainian-born Canadians who had served in the Galicia Division, a military unit recruited by the Germans in 1943. There had never been any substantiated proof, he said, that division members who had immigrated to Canada had ever committed atrocities.

But representatives of eastern European groups in Canada say that the sweeping accusations made during the commission's 22 months of hearings have already maligned entire ethnic communities. Peter Aruvald, secretary general of the Toronto-based Estonian Central Council of Canada, said that war crime accusations often painted Estonians and other Baltic nationals "with the same brush." He added, "Whole ethnic groups are accused of being Nazi collaborators on extremely spurious evidence."



Cotler: justice

And despite Deschênes' efforts to heal old wounds, an Ottawa historian said that an unreleased report that she prepared for the commission could renew friction between Jews and eastern Europeans in Canada. That is because Deschênes' final report deleted the names of all suspected war criminals and their countries of origin—information that consultant Alti Rodal included in her 550-page study. Said Rodal: "It's one thing if an outsider, some historian at a university, writes it up. It's another if the government itself is publishing it." Hnatyshyn has said that the government still plans to publish Rodal's report.

But Montreal's Cotler says that there are greater issues involved than simply arraigning aging men in court. Said Cotler: "Not putting war criminals on trial can allow the inference to be drawn that maybe this wasn't all that serious." Indeed, a former Conservative member of the Alberta legislature resigned from the provincial Land Compensation Board last week after restating his skepticism about the Holocaust. Stephen Stiles had become embroiled in controversy four years ago when he said that he doubted that the Nazis had rounded up and massacred Jews. Last week he said that he had seen no evidence to convince him that the Nazis had singled out the Jews for persecution.

According to Cotler, Ottawa's past inaction has emboldened such convicted anti-Semites as Toronto-based graphic artist Ernst Zundel. In 1985 an Ontario district court jury concluded that Zundel had knowingly spread false news likely to cause social harm. He did so by claiming that the Holocaust was a hoax in a pamphlet titled *Did Six Million Really Die?*

But last January the Ontario Court of Appeal ordered a retrial because the trial judge had made several errors by refusing to admit several books, slides and models that Zundel wanted to use as evidence. Ontario Attorney General Ian Scott has asked the Supreme Court of Canada to reinstate the conviction, but Zundel has said that he would welcome a new trial to restate his views.

Risk: Zundel's trial—and the 1985 trial and conviction of former history teacher James Keegstra of Eckville, Alta., of wilfully spreading hatred about Jews—produced the spectacle of lawyers arguing over the number of Jews who died in Nazi concentration camps. And a tough federal campaign against war criminals still living in Canada may produce similar experiences. But David Matas, a Winnipeg lawyer and senior counsel for the Jewish service organization B'nai B'rith, says that he wants to take that risk. Said Matas: "Time is running out. Witnesses and accused are growing old." Clearly, for Cotler and Matas and many other Canadians, delaying bringing war criminals to trial will perpetuate another crime—denying justice to the victims of the Holocaust.

—MADELAINE DROHAN in Ottawa with correspondents' reports

A CAREER OF NAZI HUNTING

He is 78 and his lined face shows the wear of a career dedicated to tracking down Nazis. But as Simon Wiesenthal continues his efforts, the organization he founded in 1947 to locate war criminals faces an uncertain future. The aging Nazi hunter has not trained a successor to run the Vienna-based Jewish Documentation Center after his death. And in the meantime, Wiesenthal's exacting standards have embroiled him in clashes with fellow Jews who have accused Austrian President Kurt Waldheim of committing war crimes. The dean of Nazi hunters says that he doubts Waldheim's claims that he knew nothing about wartime deportations and executions. But Wiesenthal insists that he has seen nothing to prove charges that Waldheim helped to deport the Jews. Declared Wiesenthal: "He may be a liar and he may suffer from unforgivable lapses of memory, but that does not make him a war criminal."

Expose: That careful distinction is the hallmark of a man who says that he prides himself on documenting alleged atrocities before he identifies someone as a war criminal. And he noted that only four out of more than 1,100 persons named have ever sued him for libel—none successfully. More than 27 years after his greatest coup—tracing former Gestapo Gen. Adolf Eichmann to Argentina—Wiesenthal still uses the same methods to expose hidden Nazis. To that end, he spends much of his time in his modest Vienna office poring over wartime documents and sifting reports of sightings of Nazis that are supplied by a worldwide network of informants. In 1960 Israeli commandos used the information he had assembled to seize Eichmann, a key official in the Third Reich's program to exterminate European Jewry, in Buenos Aires. Then they spirited him to Jerusalem for a widely publicized trial and subsequent execution in 1962.

Wiesenthal says that the only punishment that he favors for war criminals is that handed out by the courts. By contrast, other leading Nazi hunters such as Beate and Serge Klarsfeld have publicly condoned such extreme measures as assassination—if that is the only way to exact punishment for wartime crimes. Indeed the Paris-based couple, who traced Gestapo leader Klaus Barbie to Bolivia, say that they once considered a plan to have Barbie killed in La Paz. In addition, Beate Klarsfeld embraces publicity-generating demonstrations to help apprehend Nazis. She appeared in chains in the Bolivian capital in 1972 to draw attention to Barbie's presence in Bolivia—and to symbolize that country's link to nazism. And she took part in public protests against Waldheim in Austria last summer as the former United Nations secretary general successfully campaigned to become the president of his country.



Wiesenthal leaving punishment to the courts

For his part, Wiesenthal shuns participation in such demonstrations, and his stand on Waldheim's war record has isolated him from leaders of the World Jewish Congress, an organization active in 70 countries, with headquarters in New York. Indeed, he says that WJC secretary general Israel Singer first accused Waldheim of war crimes, then looked for evidence to support that charge. Said Wiesenthal: "I am fighting for the truth, the historic truth—without emotions."

In pursuit of that goal Wiesenthal can be unyielding. For one thing, he has refused to visit Canada during the past 12 years as a protest against what he describes as Ottawa's failure to prosecute several hundred Nazis who allegedly emigrated to Canada after the war. Last March, Quebec Superior Court Judge Jules Deschênes released his report on war criminals living in Canada—but Wiesenthal is still maintaining his boycott pending action on a federal government pledge to bring at least 20 alleged Nazis to trial.



Serge and Beate Klarsfeld, public protests

Silenced: Meanwhile, Wiesenthal continues his work in a three-room office that is run by four or five young assistants and supported by hundreds of thousands of dollars donated yearly by supporters around the world. He and his wife, Cyla, are the only two survivors of 91 family members sent to Nazi concentration camps during the war—and he says that the silenced voices of millions of Holocaust victims keep him at his self-appointed task. Added Wiesenthal: "My wife has often asked me if I have not done enough. But I am still convinced that I survived to represent and to speak for those who did not—and that job is never done."

—MALCOLM GRAY with SUE MASTERMAN in Vienna

STANDING UP FOR BARBIE

In 1983, when Jacques Vergès announced that he would defend Klaus Barbie against the French government's charges of crimes against humanity, the lawyer also declared that if he had met the so-called Butcher of Lyons 45 years ago, "I would have killed him." But the 62-year-old veteran of the Free French forces, which fought vigorously against Germany during the Second World War, is seemingly untroubled by his decision to defend the ex-Nazi against charges of torturing and murdering thousands of French civilians. Indeed, Vergès appears to be relishing his role in the trial which began last week in Lyons.

Poison: But critics say that the enigmatic, controversial lawyer is not so much interested in defending Barbie as he is in seizing the opportunity to attack France and the Western establishment. And Vergès said himself that he hopes to use Barbie's long-awaited trial to smash what he calls the "official lie" of wide resistance on the part of the French during the German occupation. He says that he intends to prove that most Frenchmen collaborated willingly with the enemy. "It is time," he declared, "for the French to release the poison, to cast a lucid and critical gaze on their past."



Vergès: 'It is delicious to strip away the good conscience of others'

Vergès' determination to use the Barbie trial to vent his anti-establishment views has puzzled and upset many Frenchmen and provoked outrage on the part of some. But since being called to the Paris bar in 1955, Vergès has made a career of championing unpopular causes. Over the years his clients have included Algerian rebels, rightist African leader Moise Tshombe, Palestinian and Armenian terrorists and, most recently, Georges Ibrahim Abdallah, a Lebanese guerrilla leader sentenced to life imprisonment in Paris in February for complicity in the murder of U.S. and Israeli diplomats. Vergès' courtroom method, based on what he calls a "strategy of provocation and rupture," has made him widely disliked but has also won him a reputation as a master of dramatic effect and witty banter.

Wealth: Away from the courtroom, Vergès has been active in a number of revolutionary causes, and his political leanings have embraced Stalinism, Maoism, anticolonialism and anti-Zionism. A polished, sophisticated man with a cynical manner, the youthful-looking Vergès (he has admitted to having had cosmetic surgery) is fond of smoking fat cigars and drinking good wines. He courts publicity and admits that he enjoys the limelight: he was recently pictured in the weekly magazine *Paris Match* reclining in a bubble bath with a newspaper. A wealthy man, he lives alone in a Paris townhouse valued at half a million dollars. On his office wall is a magnificent 17th-century tapestry depicting a peacock.

Some of Vergès' critics say that his rebellious nature can be attributed to his mixed racial background and the environment of his youth. Born on March 5, 1925, in Siam (now Thailand) to a French father and a Vietnamese mother, Vergès spent most of his childhood on the French island colony of Réunion, off Madagascar. Jean-François Kahn, editor of the Paris-based weekly newsmagazine *L'Evénement du Jeudi*, says that Vergès' behavior is motivated by a "hatred of Western society" born of a desire for revenge following the humiliations he suffered as a youth of mixed blood.

Conscience: Other French critics, like Nazi hunter Serge Klarsfeld and writer Bernard-Henri Lévy, say that anti-Semitism played a role in Vergès' decision to defend Barbie. That charge stems chiefly from an anti-Zionist book Vergès wrote after Swiss authorities would not permit him to defend Palestinian guerrillas accused of attacking El Al aircraft in Zurich and Athens in 1969. But although Vergès acknowledges his anti-Zionist leanings, he dismisses any suggestion of bias against Jews. During a TV interview on May 10, he declared, "How could I, a child who was spit upon because of his race, discriminate against another for his creed, origin or color?"

However confusing and contradictory his code of behavior may appear to observers, it is clear that Vergès is determined to see that his brand of justice is done. "It is delicious," he once wrote, "to strip away the good conscience of others, to see them in their natural nudity." In view of that determination, the people of France may soon find themselves as much on trial as the twice-convicted war criminal in their midst.

—MARY McIVER with PETER LEWIS in Brussels



A SHATTERED DREAM

By Clark Blaise and Bharati Mukherjee

On June 23, 1985, 110 miles off the southwest coast of Ireland, a bomb exploded in the forward luggage hold of Air-India Flight 182, bound for New Delhi and Bombay from Toronto and Montreal. In the explosion and resulting crash into the sea, 307 passengers and 22 crew members died. More than 90 per cent of the passengers, most of them holiday-bound women and children, were Canadians. In a dramatic new book published this week, Canadian writers—and husband and wife—Clark Blaise and Bharati Mukherjee reconstruct the events that led up to the worst at-sea air crash of all time. In an excerpt, the authors also chronicle the lives of Venu and Vijaya Thampi.

The story of Vijaya Thampi is a special story, a story about love and dread and self-discovery in the New World.

Vijaya was born in Bombay in 1957 into what she thought of as an unhappy family and grew up a lonely, diffident girl. Marriage, she assumed, was her only way out. When she was 16 her older brother brought home a friend, Venu Thampi, a dashing, adventurous young man whose family, like hers, had come to Bombay from the south. She fancied herself in love. She had no idea how beautiful she was, nor could she gauge the impression she had made on Venu Thampi.

It took him two years to get up enough courage to ask for her hand in marriage. She was 18, very much of marriageable age. He was a handsome and ambitious young man from a progressive and well-to-do family, which already had two sons in Canada, and he was an economics graduate, a customs agent with a bright future as a civil servant, the kind of groom that Vijaya's parents had not dared hope for. Her parents agreed without fuss to this "love match" in a country where most marriages were still arranged by relatives or marriage brokers. Venu's parents fell for her beauty and her docility, and so did not hold out for a richer girl. Venu and Vijaya were married right away, and Vijaya moved happily into the Thampi house. "What I liked about her in those days," Thampi recalls now, "was her adaptability. She had an immense ability to adapt and adjust." It is spring, 1986.

We are sitting on a plush sofa in the living room of his split-level home in suburban Markham, outside Toronto. It seems vast. The house is starkly but expensively furnished. Venu Thampi is a short, bearded, intense man of 32. He has a showcase house, a responsible job with the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, a demure six-year-old daughter. But we have come to meet him not because of what he has, but because of what he has lost.

In Toronto, his name is Vern. They were Vern and Viji Thampi.

Vijaya liked Venu's Bombay better than she had hers. She liked to dress up, and he liked her to dress up when he took her out. She liked the perks that came with her husband's job: the movie and theatre tickets, the cars that businessmen sent over to chauffeur them places. She even liked her husband's mother—something of a rarity in India—who taught her, with patience and humor, what her husband did and did not like.

Sensational smuggling cases came Venu Thampi's way. More than any city in India, Bombay drew smuggling high rollers from all over the world. The bays and coves were full of modern-day pirates. Sometimes the pirates tried to bribe the bearded young customs official, but Venu Thampi arrested them and seized the contraband goods. He was getting famous. He had a future in government. And he had a beautiful wife, whom he loved.

All the same he felt discontented. There were no causes he could pin down and root out. But surely there had to be more to life than power and luxury gifts. One thing he knew about working the Indian docks: sooner or later, the bribe will be offered that you cannot refuse. And then you will wind up like all the others, hypocritical and dishonest. That's exactly the life he saw for himself in India, the impossibility of remaining honest. That is why Venu Thampi came to Canada. He was an idealist and an enthusiast.

For a South Asian, Toronto in the late 1970s was a heartless city. It was a time when even decent men and women forgot ordinary decencies. It was a time of not being served in stores, of being bounced out of midtown hotels, of being sent to the end of the line by Voyageur bus drivers and of being churlishly treated by Air Canada flight attendants, of being threatened by bullies in subway stations.

It was to this Toronto that Thampi, chasing golden dreams, arrived in 1976. He rented a room. Every day he circled ads and set up interviews; every day smooth-talking personnel managers in clean, well-lit offices told him, "No, we can't hire you because you don't have any Canadian work experience." In their offices he held his head high. But every night he held his head in his hands in a pokey, loveless room, and wept.

But the man who had made criminals quiver in Bombay gritted his teeth and bore his pain. He worked a string of dead-end jobs for impossible hours, he laid aside his bitterness and lived for the future, he saved obsessively. And by November of 1976 he was able to send Vijaya her one-way Bombay-Toronto ticket.

Through the thick glass wall of the customs hall at the airport in Toronto, Venu Thampi watched Vijaya float toward him. She was a knockout. He had forgotten how beautiful she was. She was wearing her wedding sari and all her bridal jewelry. The red and gold dazzled him. The past six months of despair slipped off him like snakeskin. He felt as though he were a groom again, that good times were starting to roll again.

"She was so trusting," Thampi recalls now. He plays the night of her arrival over and over again in his mind. "She didn't realize what I had gone through. She'd always thought of me as very strong, and I didn't want to spoil that for her. She didn't realize anything at all except that she was joining me, and that together we were going to throw ourselves into the wonderful North American lifestyle for which we had given up everything."



Rescuers retrieving bodies of victims (left); Vijaya and Venu Thampi, daughter Nisha when the present was perfect

For a while the young, handsome Thampis played at keeping house and were happier than they had ever been. Sure, the husband had to leave for work very early every morning, but they had all evening, every evening. All day the wife cooked. She cooked him curries that she knew he would like, but later she tried out recipes—lasagna, pasta, burritos—from women's magazines. He took her to shopping malls and loved to watch her spend his money.

She bought herself Canadian clothes. In pants and sweaters she looked like a movie star. On weekends they splurged on fancy meals at French restaurants. He bought her flowers. He took her to the movies. He arranged vacations in New York and Washington. On her birthdays he threw her surprise parties. In winter they took skiing lessons.

The first months could not have been happier. Then Vijaya became restless. *The Price is Right* lost its charm. She had too much time to experiment with recipes. Keen to improve herself, Vijaya enrolled in secretarial courses. She was an excellent student, better than most others in the class, and she was competitive. After dinner she would ask her husband to dictate letters so she could work on her shorthand. Her excellence scared her. When she was through with the courses, she felt she had to decide between looking for a job and having a baby. The Thampis decided on having the baby.

Their daughter, Nisha, was born in 1979. "Life was getting a little bit easier," is how Vern Thampi remembers that time. "And the money was building."

He worked in the *Globe*'s circulation department. His was a high-pressure, but satisfying, job. A diligent provider, he put in 10- and 12-hour shifts while Vijaya looked after the baby and the home.

When Nisha was not quite 2, Vijaya Thampi announced her plans to work full time and within days found herself a job at the *Globe*'s afternoon competitor, the *Star*. She began in

From The Sorrow and the Terror: The Haunting Legacy of the Air India Tragedy *by Clark Blaise and Bharati Mukherjee. Copyright © 1987. Reprinted by permission of Penguin Books Canada Limited.*

circulation, taking calls, sending out the route men. She found a good babysitter. She loved her job at the *Star*, it fulfilled her in new ways. After a few months she enrolled in management courses, soon she was brought into the personnel offices as an assistant. She had been in Canada five years and had already become a superwoman.

"She was so thrilled about going to work every morning," Thampi would reminisce later. "It was as though she'd found a new meaning in her life. She used to be the traditional, submissive, obedient Indian girl, but then she blossomed. She started to believe in herself. Her self-confidence gave me great satisfaction. Because you know how it so often is with our people the husband dies and the widow is totally dependent because she's never had to make decisions or deal with the real world."

Viji's ballooning self-confidence meant that she was no longer reluctant to disagree with Vern and to speak her mind. In this community, where most marriages are still arranged by parents and where the wife looks up, and gives in, to her husband, where a phrase like "love match" is salacious, suggesting heartache and lack of control, the Thampis' relationship—their squabbling and their sweet making-ups—seemed too Canadian. In their community even the word "relationship" itself was troubling and alien.

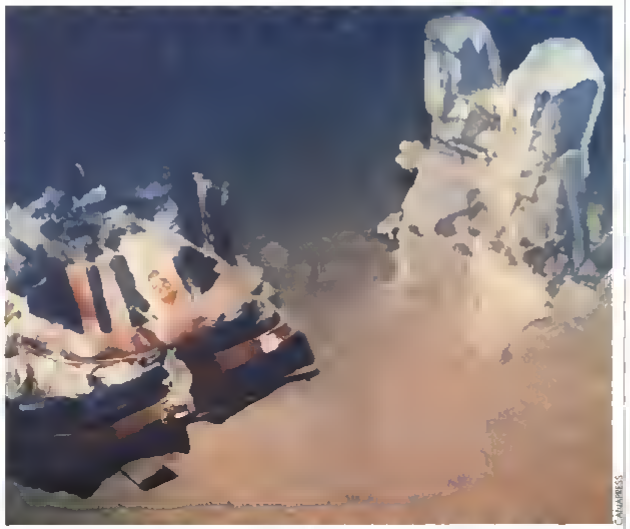
"Yes, we quarrelled sometimes. Never in front of Nisha. But we quarrelled. There were days when we didn't speak to each other. But we never let a quarrel last through a Saturday. If we were still mad at each other on Saturday morning, we'd fix Nisha her breakfast, and then we'd say, 'Let's go upstairs and talk,' and we'd go upstairs to our bedroom and we'd make up and everything would be back to perfect."

In her sharp clothes, Vijaya attracted attention, not all of it wholesome. One evening, on her way home from work, she got off the bus and was whistled at by cruising teenagers. The whistling and catcalling frightened her, and she burst into tears. After that incident, Vern always met her at the bus stop, and when he was travelling, he arranged with a friend to meet her and drive her home.

In 1985, before Vijaya Thampi made an impulsive decision to visit her parents, the Thampis were doing very well. They had bought a house in a brand-new development a little east of the city for $100,000 two years before. They had saved the $25,000 for the down payment, another $8,000 had come from federal and provincial incentives. Their double income was going entirely into the house, even as its value skyrocketed.

Then, out of the blue, Vijaya made up her mind to go by herself to India for four or five weeks. She wanted to confront her parents, force them to see how far she had come in life, and she wanted to make peace with them.

Thampi tried his best to talk her into delaying the trip for a year or a year and a half. "Let's wait until all



Debris from the plane on the ocean floor: 'I want the crash investigated'

three of us can go," he pleaded. "Let's not waste so much money on a trip now. Let's use the money more efficiently."

But Vijaya Thampi, no longer the meek, shy girl she used to be, would not listen. She said: "I can pay for the trip without your help. I have my own savings."

The spiritedness hardened into stubbornness. "It was as though she was driven," Thampi would reflect later. "And the main reason that I didn't want her to go was not the money, it was superstition. I didn't want to rock the boat when life was going so great for us."

The Thampis quarrelled long and hard over her going. Finally, Thampi gave in. "Okay, go if you feel you have to," he said, "but don't expect me to help you with your gift shopping."

"Okay," Vijaya snapped back at him. "You don't have to help me."

She called a travel agent and settled on a date: June 15, a Saturday.

"Good," Thampi said. "I'd like you to be back for Nisha's birthday." Nisha's birthday was on July 29.

"I'll be back in time," Vijaya said.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" he asked.

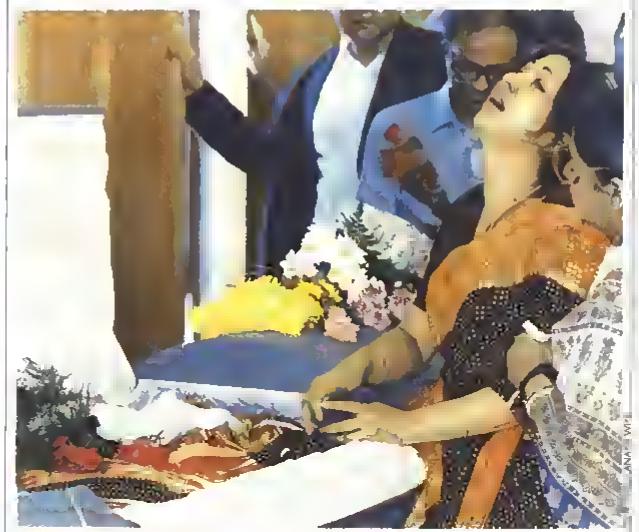
"I know what you're thinking," she said, laughing. "Our 10th anniversary." So she rescheduled her flight. Her new departure date was June 22, another Saturday.

Every weekend Vijaya took the family car and drove off to the block of Indian shops and restaurants on Gerrard Street. No Indian-born Canadian goes back to the home town without bringing a Samsonite bag filled with gifts. People have been known to stuff suitcases with personal computers, colour televisions and VCRs, as well as small items like transistor radios, steam irons, blenders, hair driers, pocket calculators, watches, gold jewelry and, of course, Japanese chiffon saris.

Vijaya Thampi went into a frenzy of gift buying. She bought for all her relatives. She bought for all the servants. She bought for all the children of all the servants.

Friends watched in awe as she shopped. The Ramaswamys, who had once loaned the Thampis their new Parisienne so they could vacation at Daytona Beach, told her husband to reconsider and help her with her shopping on weekends. But Vern Thampi remained hurt and angry. "She wants to shop, so let her shop," he told the Ramaswamys. "She has the car. She has enough money. She can do what she wants. She knows I don't want her to make this trip."

His pigheadedness in their last weeks together would bewilder him later. "I don't know why I didn't help her," he would say, weeping. "We used to do all our shopping together. Every Thursday we used to buy something for ourselves and something for Nishi. But the gifts—I didn't even look at the stuff she bought on Gerrard Street."



Meena Sarangi grieving for her 14-year-old daughter. 'how do you get to heaven?'

On Sunday, June 16, Thampi's brother and his wife came over for dinner. The brother brought along his movie camera. He had never taken pictures of the Thampis' new house, and he thought that Vijaya could carry the film back and show it to Mrs. Thampi Sr. in Bombay. He got the camera rolling. He caught the family walking around the big, comfortable house, sprawling on the expensive sofa, cooking in the hi-tech kitchen. Vijaya made a batch of chapati bread while the camera rolled. Then she looked straight into the camera and spoke for almost half an hour. That night the Thampi brothers and their families had their dinner outdoors. The dinner, too, is on film. Thampi is grateful that the film didn't get sent back with Vijaya. He has the film now. At least he has that film.

On June 18, Thampi arranged his last "surprise" for his wife. He told Vijaya that they were to meet with the principal of a private school for Nisha, but instead he whisked her off to an expensive French restaurant. She loved going to dances and eating out in gourmet places. When she realized that he had planned a special night for their 10th anniversary, she hugged him tightly. "May you plan many more surprise anniversaries!" she kept saying.

On Saturday, June 22, Vijaya dressed all in white for the trip to Bombay. Vern Thampi was stunned by her beauty and elegance. "Don't go, Viji," he begged her. On the way to the airport to drop her off, he lost his way. She laughed at him. "You just don't want me to leave you," she said.

The area around the Air-India counter at the airport was loud with giggling children. Nisha and her two cousins raced each other. Friends swirled around the Thampis and the Ramaswamys. A Hindu woman said to Vijaya, "Why are you wearing all white?" White is the color for widows. Vern Thampi ignored the woman's question. But he noticed that his wife had taken off her *mangal sutra* (a necklace that married women from his village don't take off until they are widowed). She said the gold and black beads were in her purse, but that she would wear it for his family when she got off in Bombay.

One of Vijaya's cousins ran up to Vijaya. "Auntie," the boy said, "please don't go. Nobody wants you to go."

"Come on you guys," Vijaya joked, "don't give me a hard time. Don't make it so tough on me."

All too soon it was time to go through security. She kissed little Nisha. "You must look after Daddy for me," she said. "Don't leave him alone."

To her husband, she said, "I'll worry about you not eating enough. Please don't eat junk food. I've made a whole week of lasagna for you. It's in the freezer. Just put the lasagna in the microwave. And if you can't do that, then go over to your brother's place. I'll worry about you."

And then she walked through security's metal arches.

Hinduism and its theory of reincarnation do not give Vern Thampi solace. He sighs. He weeps quietly. "God is unfair," he says. "Even God didn't prevent the incident."

His daughter is his whole life now. His real job is that of being a single parent. Five weeks after Vijaya's death, he made a party for two for Nisha's birthday. He got a cake and candles. On her birthday Nisha asked her father a riddle. "How do you get to heaven, Daddy?"

"I don't know, Nishi," he said. "How do you get to heaven?"

"You take an Air-India plane, Daddy."

For a while Nisha had nightmares about crashing planes. Now she thinks that if she and her father look happy, then *Ammah* will see them from heaven where she is and be happy herself. She doesn't want Ammah ever to cry. And because Ammah told her never to fight, she doesn't intend to fight the men who put a bomb inside her Ammah's plane. She forgives those men.

Thampi twists and twists in his grief. "I can't pardon the men who did it," he says now. "I know there are good Sikhs, of course. But I tell you, I feel not too thrilled to see a turbanned guy. I hope I don't ever find myself in a situation where a Sikh needs my help, because I may not be able to give it.

"I want the crash properly investigated," he says. "I am not saying this out of revenge," he goes on. "Revenge isn't the solution. But did Viji die because some man made her disappear like an exterminator working on pests?"

Vern Thampi looks after his six-year-old daughter, and she, in turn, looks after him, just as Ammah had instructed. "My ambition is to be a responsible parent. I want Nisha to know what a great woman her mother was, how much she made of her life." So Nishi will know and remember and learn from Vijaya, he has edited the home movie that his brother made that last Sunday when the family was whole and the present was perfect.

Canada's long glide to gold

From a distance they looked like college students on spring break. Wearing bikinis and shorts in the warm morning sunshine at the summit of Mount Brewster in the Alberta Rockies, they skied and improved their tans. But when the men and women of Canada's national cross-country ski team left the mountain last week, they did not retire to the lodge like vacationers. Instead, after three hours on the mountain they set off to cycle and run along trails in Banff National Park until dusk. Less than a month after their last races on the World Cup cross-country circuit, the team was in Banff preparing for the Winter Olympic Games in Calgary next February. The training camp brought together the 22 athletes who could earn Canada its first Olympic medal in cross-country skiing. Said head coach Marty Hall: "I automatically expect us to produce our best-ever results at the Olympics. It's really a question of whether we'll do what we think we can do."

The medal goal is realistic because of Canada's performances—its best ever—on the 1987 World Cup circuit. Last March in Falun, Sweden, Pierre Harvey, 30, of St-Lambert-de-Lévis, southeast of Quebec City, became the first Canadian to win a World Cup cross-country race, finishing ahead of the favored Scandinavian and Soviet skiers in the 30-km event. And last January, Angela Schmidt-Foster, 27, of Midland, Ont., placed third in the 10-km World Cup race on the 1988 Olympic course at Canmore, Alta.—the best result ever for a Canadian woman cross-country skier. At the same competition, the women's four-member relay team won a silver medal, the highest finish for a Canadian relay team. Said Laurent Roux, one of the team's three full-time coaches: "If we win a medal it will be something totally unprecedented for Canada. And it might increase Canadians' interest in cross-country skiing."

Canadian skiers have progressed rapidly at the international level, challenging the dominant Scandinavians and Soviets, since Sport Canada implemented its five-year, $25-million Calgary Games program for all of the nation's winter Olympians. The women's relay team, for one, was 11th out of 12 ranked nations in 1983 when the entire cross-country team received about $200,000 in government support. Last season, when the team received $430,000 in Sport Canada funding, the women's team was sixth. This Olympic season, each skier receives up to $650 monthly, while the national association will receive close to $445,000. The funds will finance the team in European competitions, on the World Cup circuit and in four more training camps.

At the 10-day camp in Banff that concluded on May 15, the team trained both on and off the snow. Each morning its members left the Ptarmigan Inn at 7:30 a.m., drove 20 km to Mount Brewster and spent the morning skiing up and down the snow-covered portion of the summit. They then spent the afternoon riding their bicycles or running up and down the steep mountain trails.



Harvey training in Banff: hopes for first cross-country Olympic medals

Because the Olympic races will be contested in two distinct disciplines—the classic parallel stride and the new skating style—last week the team trained on a five-kilometre course with prepared tracks and skated over open areas of snow. In 1988, at the Canmore Nordic Centre west of Calgary, the classic style will be mandatory for the women's five- and 10-km races and the men's 15- and 30-km events. On the other hand, the skating technique, which was sanctioned for half of the World Cup races last season, will be employed in the women's 20-km and men's 50-km individual races and the team relay events.

Because endurance is the sport's prime requisite—the men's 50-km race takes more than two hours—80 per cent of the skiers' 900 hours of annual training is done off snow. To develop strength and stamina, the team's program is structured around distance training. From May to July, in addition to weight lifting, the athletes concentrate on long-distance running, cycling and swimming. Later in the summer months they begin training regimens specific to their discipline. That involves long-distance work on roller skis—short two-wheeled metal skis—on paved roads. Said Harvey: "On roller skis, we can practise exactly the same movements that we execute on cross-country skis."

Harvey, a cyclist at the Summer Games of 1976 and 1984, arrived at the Banff camp eager to become more familiar with the Olympic circuits at Canmore. He had not been on the courses since the World Cup race in January, when he finished 14th in the 15-km race. Last week Harvey, who in 1984 became the first male Canadian to compete in both the Summer and Winter Olympics in the same year, ran the 15-km course. Said Canada's premier cross-country skier: "They are the most difficult courses in the world. There are a lot of very steep hills and no sections of the course where you can afford to ease the pace."

How the athletes perform on the steep inclines will likely decide the medals next February. Said coach Jack Sasseville: "On the World Cup circuit, races are won and lost on the uphill. The climbers are the winners." Harvey, a definite medal contender in the 15-, 30- and 50-km events, will begin roller ski training in August, three times a week on steep roads. But perhaps the most critical phase of the team's pre-Olympic training will begin in October, when the athletes will run the Games' courses using their ski poles to help propel them. That training will not only enhance their endurance, more importantly, it will enable them to become familiar with the circuits, visualizing exactly how they will ski the courses during the Games. Said Schmidt-Foster: "Nothing can be as beneficial or more specific than training on the actual course of the race."

After breaking camp last week, the skiers returned to their homes and resumed their own daily three- to five-hour training routines. Harvey, for one, must schedule his training around his job as a mechanical engineer with Pâtisserie Vachon, a division of a confectionery company best known for its Jos. Louis snack cake. The team will meet again on Aug. 3 for two weeks of intensive training, probably at the Panorama Ski Resort, 18 km west of Invermere, B.C.

The squad then will have three more camps—in Austria, Canmore and Labrador City, Nfld.—before the first World Cup race of the 1987-1988 season on Dec. 12 and 13 in France. At week's end, the team had only begun what will be a critical nine months of training and competition before the Games. But for the first time, optimism seems justifiable among Canada's cross-country skiers. Said Harvey: "I believe it is possible for me to win at the Olympics."

—DANIELLE KEEFLER in Banff

An Olympian journey

The odds against winning were themselves. Olympian. In the biggest public contest ever held in Canada, more than 6.6 million applications were submitted for 6,214 chances to briefly share in the glory of the 1988 Calgary Winter Olympics. This week the chosen few will learn that they have won the right to carry the Olympic torch for one kilometre in a cross-country relay. On Nov. 17 the first torchbearer will begin a meandering, 89-day route from St. John's, Nfld., to Calgary for the Games' opening ceremonies next Feb. 13. Said Rip Gauthier, president of Herbert A. Watts, a Toronto-based direct mailing company which organized the contest for Petro-Canada, the relay's sponsor: "A few hundred thousand entries is usually considered a huge success in contests like this. To get millions is unheard of."

Indeed, more than one million applications were filed for places in the relay's final 354 km alone. And Calgarian Doug Hoffman submitted no less than 7,560 forms, hoping for a kilometre of the last day's run. The last runner will be witnessed by a worldwide television audience of tens of millions. They will see the torch—a three-pound maple rod capped with an aluminium firebox—ignite the Olympic flame that will burn for 16 days in Calgary's McMahon Stadium.

This week the winners will receive a skill-testing question—the answer is rumored to be 1988—a number to call in case of a mail strike, a request for their measurements for a $150 tracksuit and a waiver releasing the oil company and the Olympiques Calgary Olympics (OCO) organizing committee from damage suits. Petro-Canada will spend more than $5.5 million organizing and sponsoring the relay.

This week OCO's chairman, Frank King, is in Athens, Greece, finalizing arrangements for the flame's flight to Canada. OCO's plan calls for specially built miner's lamps to be ignited from the eternal flame at Olympia and flown to St. John's. The relay will then set out from historic Signal Hill. During the predawn and after-dark hours of the 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. relay schedule, local winter sporting groups will carry the torch. And after the torch reaches Prince Albert, Sask., it will be flown north to the two territories and then into northern British Columbia for runs through five cities. Once the flame arrives by air in Campbell River, B.C., the relay will turn east toward Calgary.



The Olympic flame at its last winter home in Sarajevo: 6.6 million applicants

The longest Olympic torch relay ever attempted—in 1976 the flame was simply beamed by satellite to Ottawa and trotted down to Montreal—will not be the easiest. Indeed, Petro-Canada has hired psychologists to help prevent burnout among staff members handling the project. But nine months before the Games begin, the 6.6 million applications indicated that many Canadians were undaunted by the challenge—and already captivated by the Olympic spirit.

—JOHN HOWSE in Calgary

Private sex and public exposure



By George Bain

As a young MP, David Lloyd George was embroiled in a divorce action, not as co-respondent—someone else had that role—but as the alleged father of the defendant wife's child. Worse, as Richard Lloyd George told it in a 1960 biography of his father, the circumstances were, well, unseemly. "On the night in question [the] husband, who was a doctor, had been called away from home on a case, and it was alleged that my father, a guest staying under his roof, took advantage of his absence to make love to his wife." Lloyd George escaped unscathed, as he did from various other adventures—including one in Buenos Aires, in which an irate husband seems to have considered firearms as a means of redress. The future prime minister of Britain did so in the paternity matter by establishing from the House of Commons attendance record that he had been dutifully in his place on that night (The doctor and his wife lived in Montgomeryshire, Wales.) Still, Richard Lloyd George put up no strong argument for his parent's innocence except that conception could not have occurred—the lady admitted there had been other occasions—on the date given.

As Gary Hart might note ruefully, we are talking here about the Victorian era, which remains a byword for propriety in public and private life. Earlier, on the threshold of that long and supposedly decorous age, Lord Melbourne, another who was destined for high office, was twice brought to court by aggrieved husbands—by a Rev. Lord Branden for the alleged seduction of his wife, Elizabeth, and by a former Tory MP named Norton for the seduction of *his* wife, Caroline. Certainly the second of these affairs, described by biographer Philip Ziegler as a ménage à trois, was known to the upper crust—which, in a time of narrow suffrage, meant all who counted. They rather didn't like it, not on moral grounds but because of the failure of the parties to keep up appearances. Melbourne survived the tut-tutting to become prime minister—and an adored avuncular figure to a young and impressionable Queen.

Or consider Lord Palmerston. Neither his liaisons nor his having turned up unbidden in the middle of the night in the bedroom of a lady-in-waiting denied him a distinguished career as foreign secretary and prime minister, although, according to biographer Jasper Ridley, the Queen considered an attempt on the virtue of one of her ladies in her own Windsor Castle a personal affront. Palmerston's longest-standing affair was with Emily, Lady Cowper, some of whose children, the biographer noted nonchalantly, may have been Palmerston's. Eventually they married. He was also linked with Sarah, Lady Jersey, whose amorous propensities may be gauged by her husband's explanation for refusing to duel in defence of her honor—namely, that once started down that road, he would have to fight every gentleman in town.

So much for episodes in the career of Eros in Victorian politics: what about this side of the Atlantic? Pierre Berton in *The Promised Land* reproduced an antic account, which would have been actionable if untrue, from Bob Edwards's Calgary *Eye-Opener* of a husband, unexpectedly returned home at 2 a.m., having found Sir Clifford Sifton, the grand panjandrum of the West in the Laurier government, departing by a back door. (The great man said he had been called in to give the wife legal advice.)

The picture of the media in trench coats playing detective on the excuse of the public's right to know all is unappetizing

Then there was the long-standing relationship between Laurier himself and Emilie Lavergne, the wife of his law partner, over which historians have equivocated. Joseph Schull in his 1965 biography said that "she was not a mistress in the generally accepted sense" but did not neglect to mention that "she had borne a son, Armand, who was now the little serpent in Eden." What made him so was the boy's resemblance to Laurier, which was commented on by many people at the time. From photos, Sandra Gwyn in *The Private Capital* (1984) found it "striking to a degree."

Gary Hart's tryst has revived mention of at least two U.S. presidents having had illegitimate children. In 1884 Grover Cleveland was taunted by opponents with chants of "Ma, ma, where's my pa?" to which his unabashed supporters replied, "He's going to the White House, ha, ha, ha." In 1921 Warren Gamaliel Harding took office, supporting a daughter scarcely a year old, which the mother, Nan Britton, thought had been conceived in the Senate office building. (She later wrote a book, *The President's Daughter*, which also revealed that she and the then-senator once had been broken in upon by detectives in a Broadway hotel, whereupon the future president, with wonderful chutzpah, reassured her that they could not be arrested because it was illegal to detain a U.S. senator en route to Washington to serve the people.)

The question that arises—and this is where the Gary Hart affair comes in—is what do such stories as these, and others about Franklin Delano Roosevelt, John F. Kennedy and others, tell us about their capability for office? Lloyd George has been described as one of two authentic geniuses of 20th-century British politics, the other being Churchill. Roosevelt was elected four times and generally is ranked among the great presidents; Sir Wilfrid Laurier remains a major figure in Canadian history. They were what they were neither because of nor in spite of anything done in bed. Warren Harding was not arguably the worst U.S. president because, as Nan claimed for him, he fornicated in a White House coat closet, but because he surrounded himself with grafters and because he was, as H.L. Mencken called him, "Gamaliel the Stonehead" and the most "complete and dreadful nitwit" in the pages of U.S. history.

We do not inquire into the sex life of surgeons who operate on us, bankers who keep our money or editors on whom we rely for our information needs. Surely some relevance to something must be established to say we should in the case of politicians.

The police do not routinely stake out homes on the basis of anonymous information from persons whose motives may be financial gain, personal notoriety or political vengeance; they need reasonable and probable cause to believe something of a criminal nature may be occurring. Sex outside marriage is not that, it does not lead to the criminal courts, although it may to the divorce courts, where it is a private matter between two persons. The picture of the media, in trench coats in the shadows, playing divoree detective on the hypocritical excuse of the public's right to know all, is unappetizing.



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COMMUNICATIONS

Toward a TV revolution

The first time he saw high-definition television (HDTV), with images five times sharper than any he had seen before on television, Toronto TV producer John Galt said that he was "completely hooked." That was five years ago, during a demonstration of the new video technology at a conference of Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers in San Francisco. Since then, Galt has become a pioneer in the use of HDTV. In 1984 he is a 14-hour drama that went into production last spring and is set to air in March, 1988. Although viewers with regular sets will notice some improvement in picture quality, reception will still not match the clarity possible with HDTV. The hardware needed to take full advantage of the new technology is currently beyond the reach of consumers—partly the result of delays caused by world rivalry over broadcasting standards and marketing procedures. Programs shot in high definition must be converted for broadcast on the world's three standard television systems; otherwise existing TV equipment cannot broadcast or receive HDTV's enhanced signal.



Galt: co-producing the first TV mini-series to be shot in high definition

formed Northernlight & Picture and teamed up with award-winning CBC producer Mark Blandford to make *Chasing Rainbows*, the first television mini series anywhere to be shot using HDTV filming techniques.

Industry observers say that HDTV, whose research and development was pioneered in Japan, appears to be the biggest television breakthrough since the development of color TV 35 years ago—with an impact on television comparable with that of compact discs on audio systems. Using technology that involves improved production equipment, HDTV videotape cameras use 1,125 scanning lines to create images that are as crisp and clear as those on 35-mm film—the standard for motion pictures. The compelling production advantages are winning converts among video and TV producers who say that HDTV videotape is cheaper to use than film and produces a picture far superior to conventional videotape.

Chasing Rainbows, one of the new technology's most ambitious projects,

As a result, a full HDTV system would require a wholesale changeover to the new technology, rendering all existing production equipment and home television sets obsolete. New equipment would have to be mass-produced to be affordable, requiring a world market—and that in turn would require widespread agreement among industrialized nations on a worldwide broadcasting standard. But Japan's strides in the field have provoked political and economic rivalry, especially in Western Europe, where manufacturers and government officials say they are concerned that Japan will parlay a 10-year technological head start into an unfair market advantage.

Still, Japan's national television network, NHK, which began the groundbreaking research 15 years ago, plans to broadcast the first high-definition TV signal by 1990 or 1991. As well, the country's giant Sony Corp., with branches worldwide, has developed high-definition equipment—including video cameras, recorders and monitors—which it is already selling to video and television producers. The company is also developing high-definition video players and monitors which executives say they hope to have on the consumer market within two or three years at $2,000 to $3,000—a cost comparable with the best-quality wide-screen television sets now on the Japanese consumer market.

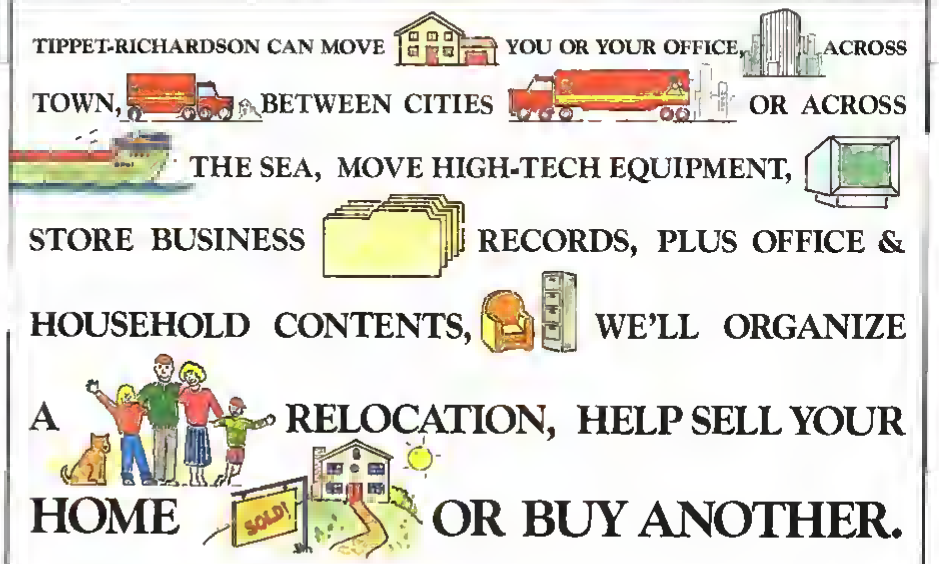
But in the United States, one of the largest potential markets, HDTV presents another problem: its signal takes up more frequency space and will require additional channels in the Ultra High Frequency (UHF) spectrum if it is to be broadcast. However, only a limited amount of UHF remains available in the United States, and such private UHF users as taxi fleets are lobbying the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) to have a larger portion of the available airwaves allocated to them. Broadcasters, including those at CBS Inc., argue that UHF channels must be kept open for HDTV and have mounted their own lobby of the FCC.

Despite political and marketing obstacles, HDTV continues to make inroads into TV production. In addition to the CBC's *Chasing Rainbows*, a tale of Montreal in the Roaring '20s, videos, movies and commercials are being made by producers in New York, Paris, Rome and Tokyo. And some producers say that they hope their enthusiastic use of available techniques will encourage members of the broadcasting industry to resolve their differences and move more swiftly into full development of HDTV.

That a potential market exists is not in question, when Blandford recently screened two completed hours of *Chasing Rainbows* for international TV buyers at MIP, an international television festival in Cannes, France, he met what he called "a fantastic response." Despite the current difficulties, Blandford predicts that HDTV will cause a revolution in television broadcasting within the next five to 10 years. Canada, he added, "is at the forefront. The Japanese developed it, but Canadians are showing the world how to use it."

—YVONNE COX in Toronto

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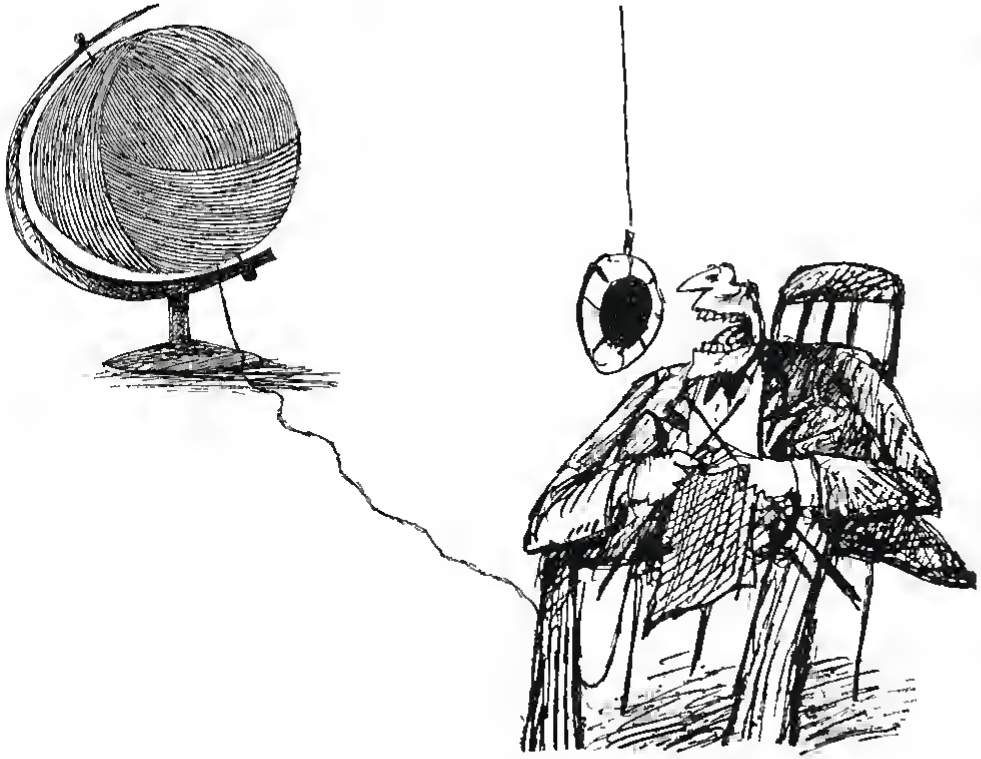


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NEVER LET ME DOWN
David Bowie
(Capitol)

Rock's reigning opportunist, David Bowie, slips into new musical styles as easily as if they were the latest fashions. On his 18th album, *Never Let Me Down*, he leaves the lush dance-floor sophistication of 1983's *Let's Dance* for the rough-and-ready sounds of 1960s-style rock. And he demonstrates a newfound social conscience on *Day-In Day-Out*, a raw, thundering song about society's poor and homeless. Bowie's high-priced backup help—including guitarists Carlos Alomar and Peter Frampton—give the album the classy musical effects that listeners have come to expect from Bowie. When he sings in *Beat of Your Drum*, "Seasons may change, weather blows," he could well be describing his own chameleon-like musical habits. But after so many changes, it is difficult to know if the latest David Bowie is the real one.



Bowie, slipping into musical styles like new outfits

THIRD WORLD CHILD
Johnny Clegg and Savuka
(Capitol)

Three years before Paul Simon brought South African music into pop's mainstream, Johnny Clegg was already charting similar waters with Juluka, a racially mixed group from Johannesburg. Although it won a western audience with its blend of Zulu chants and rhythms and English-style folk-rock, Juluka died when Clegg's Zulu partner, Sipho Mchunu, left the group in 1985. Now Clegg's new band, Savuka ("We have awakened"), is trying to catch the rising wave of interest in African music.

Savuka's debut album, *Third World Child*, carries on Juluka's crossover tradition—even including a version of Juluka's 1983 recording *Scatterlings of Africa*. The album's best track is *Asimbonanga*, a Zulu tribute to jailed black South African Nelson Mandela. But to reach more western listeners, Savuka has diluted its distinctive sound. Some songs—*Are You Ready* and *Gryana*—suffer from excessive use of synthesizers and electronic drums. The English-born Clegg, who has a degree in social anthropology, should know better. To synthesize African drums is to tamper with the authenticity that westerners crave.

—NICHOLAS JENNINGS

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TECHNOLOGY

Inco goes high tech

In the 1950s Inco Ltd. employed about 17,000 men at its sprawling Sudbury, Ont., mining operation and supplied fully 90 per cent of the non-Communist world's nickel. Since then, fundamental economic changes have steadily eroded the underpinnings of Inco's onetime supremacy. Oversupply and sluggish economic growth in recent years have driven nickel prices down. As well, stiff competition from the Soviet Union, the Dominican Republic and other low-cost exporters has reduced Canadian nickel producers to a share of close to 30 per cent of the world market. The stringent new economic realities have forced Inco to enlist sophisticated technology in the pursuit of lower operating costs. Said Richard England, superintendent of mines equipment research for Inco's Ontario division: "Mining in the past was like a couple of sumo wrestlers who sit in the ring and grunt and groan for hours. Finally, after all those years of grunt and groan, we've decided to go high tech."

As a result, a growing number of high-tech machines are either at the testing stage or in use at the company's Sudbury-area mines. Among them: two versions of Inco-designed automated drilling machines and a self-propelled underground ore loader, designed for one-man operation and equipped with sensors that help it to feel its way along the mine floor.

'Mining in the past was like a couple of sumo wrestlers who sit in the ring and grunt and groan for hours'

Already, the high-tech drive has helped to increase ore production at Inco's Sudbury-area mines. In 1982 each miner produced 7.2 tons during an eight-hour shift. Last year individual output had increased to 13.7 tons. Inco's CD-90 and CD-360 automated drills have lowered operating costs by reducing the time that miners spend in the arduous job of drilling holes for explosive charges. The drills even helped to prolong the life of Inco's 73-year-old Levack mine, which was becoming uneconomical. But mining remains a hazardous occupation. Last month four Inco miners died when crushed rock poured down on them while they carried out a routine shaft inspection in the Levack mine.

Awareness that Inco would have to change its operating procedures dramatically emerged with the recession of the early 1980s. According to Eric Kossatz, vice-president of mining in Inco's Ontario division, company officials realized in 1980 that the company's "cost-price relationship was beginning to deteriorate. Then, when the price of nickel collapsed in 1982, we had to find a solution right away or go out of business." The company did so by shutting down marginal mining operations, accelerating retirements and carrying out layoffs. Those measures have reduced Inco's labor force in the Sudbury area to about 8,500 from 13,400 in 1981. At the same time, the Toronto-headquartered company launched a campaign to develop more efficient mining methods. In one thrust, Inco began using a new system of so-called vertical retreat mining, which involves blasting ore loose between tunnels at two different depths—a far more efficient technique.

As well, in 1980 Inco set out to establish—for the first time—a research department at Sudbury with a mandate to develop high-tech solutions to the company's problems. To a remarkable extent, the firm's high-tech thrust has been based on homegrown talent. A case in point is England, a 50-year-old Sudbury native with a face that appears to be hewn from the local rock. Five years ago England began working in his spare time to develop a prototype automatic drill, which became the basis for Inco's automated blast-hole drills. Equipped with a computer-based Programmable Logic Controller, the machines can be instructed to drill holes to the required specifications while the operator stays safely out of the danger zone.



Underground ore loader: sophisticated technology in the pursuit of lower costs

Now, England and a team of five young technologists are extending the drills' intelligence by building in a microcomputer system that will enable the machines to vary their speed according to drilling conditions and react to problems by referring to a computer memory for solutions. Meanwhile, above-ground tests were expected to begin this month on another impressive piece of Inco-designed machinery: a 70-ton underground ore hauler equipped with a secret guidance system that will enable the machine to be operated without a driver.

Inco's entry into the field of equipment design has led to the formation of a subsidiary firm, Continuous Mining Systems Ltd., which last year sold $7 million worth of Inco-designed machinery to Inco's Ontario and Manitoba divisions and to outside mining companies. In the meantime, England already has a number of future projects in mind, including an attempt to devise a reliable method of directional underground mining. Such a technique, by enabling miners to drill and blast accurately in irregularly shaped bodies of ore, would ultimately help to lower Inco's operating costs further. That is the goal of almost all the research and development projects that England and his colleagues have under way. The reason is simple, according to England. "If we don't do that, we're not going to survive."

—MARK NICHOLS in Sudbury



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ARCHITECTURE

Repairs for a landmark

The Arc de Triomphe—a 162-foot-tall neoclassical memorial to Napoleon Bonaparte's military conquests—has symbolized French power and prestige since its construction began in 1806. But the world-famed 100,000-ton Paris landmark is sinking, cracking and crumbling—and French architects say that restoring it could cost as much as $6.7 million. Michel Marot, an architect appointed by French Culture Minister François Léotard to appraise the damage and the cost of restoration, is scheduled to report to the government next month. Meanwhile, a fierce public controversy has erupted over the offer by the New York-based credit-card company American Express to help pay for the repairs. Two right-wing Paris newspapers, *Le Figaro* and *Le Quotidien de Paris*, published indignant editorials claiming that foreigners had no business financing the restoration of France's most famous monument. And Jack Lang, the country's former culture minister, said that he was "shocked" at the notion of using foreign money, adding that the French were easily capable of raising the sum.

As a result of the controversy, Léotard suggested that the French government would pay 60 per cent of the costs, leaving the rest to be raised or donated by the business community, including foreign companies. Then, in late April, he launched a widely publicized national drive to raise the entire amount. A ministry spokesman said that the fund-raising campaign "should satisfy the prickliest of Frenchmen, because anybody can chip in and there will be no public identification of contributors."

Once the money is raised, architects and workmen must face the challenge of repairing a structure that has seriously decayed over the years. Because water has seeped into its foundations, the Arc de Triomphe has sunk two inches since its completion in 1836. And the vibrations from four subway lines converging within 350 feet underneath—combined with the rumbling and exhaust of an estimated 500,000 vehicles passing the arch in the Place Charles de Gaulle every day—have been causing small stones to fall from the structure for several years.

In a routine check two years ago workmen discovered hairline cracks in the monument, which comprises one main arch transected by two smaller ones. As a result, authorities ordered netting strung 95 feet up, under the main arch, to prevent loose masonry from falling on visiting dignitaries and groups taking part in wreath-laying ceremonies. Still, a falling rock bruised a British tourist last year in the only recorded injury to date. And passers-by were alarmed last December when two chunks of masonry, each weighing more than six pounds, fell to the ground.



The Arc de Triomphe, sinking, cracking and crumbling

To repair the arch, a project that architects say could take two years, workmen will dig a 26-foot-deep trench around much of it, drain water from the foundations and inject a sealing compound into the cracks. Then they will proceed with the more intricate task of patching it up. To that end, officials have stored away eight sacks full of fallen pieces which workers will attempt to reattach. For their part, planners and politicians say that they hope the restoration will also help restore French pride in a magnificent national monument.

—PETER LEWIS in Paris



Dispatches from the frontiers of science

Three decades ago British novelist and scientist C P. Snow published an explosive diagnosis of western society In *The Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution*, Snow charged that the West's intellectual life was splitting into two mutually uncomprehending camps. scientists and the literary intelligentsia. On the one hand, scientists were alienated from their own cultural traditions, on the other, artists seemed unable to interpret the changes wrought by science. A generation later there are still few scientists who can write layman's prose and only a handful of writers capable of explaining—and interpreting—the achievements of modern science As a result, the appearance of a new crop of readable science books is a cause for celebration, even when the harvest is of uneven quality.

Among the season's most outstanding science books is *The Making of the Atomic Bomb* by Richard Rhodes (General Publishing). Rhodes, a physicist, provides a lucid, definitive account of the bomb's creation, from the pioneering work of McGill University's Ernest Rutherford—who brought nuclear fission within man's reach—to the Second World War race to develop the bomb and achieve total victory over the enemy In Rhodes's retelling, the story reads like a thriller Early in 1943 a Norwegian commando squad closed in on the Nazi-occupied Norsk Hydro's plant in Vemork, where German atomic bomb researchers were experimenting with a heavy-water reactor, on the road to creating a German bomb. The commandos damaged the facility—and with it, Germany's hope of winning the race

Ultimately, *The Making of the Atomic Bomb* is about the struggle between short-term gain and long-term moral responsibility Even before the bombs known as Little Boy and Fat Man were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, some insiders, including soldiers like Gen George Marshall, sensed that atomic energy would change the face of the world forever. Rhodes ends his account with a call for world scientists to regain their relinquished role of informed influence and bring light to a world living in the bomb's shadow.

But the portrait of scientists that emerges in Gary Taubes's *Nobel Dreams. Power, Deceit and the Ultimate Experiment* (Random House) may undercut such hopes Italian physicist Carlo Rubbia won the Nobel Prize in 1984 for leading a European team that discovered the subatomic field particles named W and Z. But according to Taubes, the brilliant Rubbia is essentially no different from obsessive hustlers in other fields After winning his Nobel, Rubbia trampled subordinates in his attempt to capture a second award with a related experiment (He failed for lack of proven data.) Taubes makes a valiant attempt to bring human drama to the arcane world of high-energy physics, examining the attempt by Einstein's successors to recreate matter as it existed 15 billion years ago, when the universe was created But Taubes defeats himself with impenetrable writing. "In such an event," he writes at one point, "just before a quark and an antiquark hit, the quark, for instance, would split off a gluon, which the theory of the strong force allowed for naturally."



Explosion of U.S atomic bomb at Bikini Island, 1946: changing the world forever

Some science writers are successfully guiding laymen through another little-understood world human instinct. Now author Jeremy Campbell, Washington correspondent for the *London Standard*, joins their ranks with *Winston Churchill's Afternoon Nap A Wide-Awake Inquiry Into the Human Nature of Time* (General Publishing), a wide-ranging and delightful explanation of the new science of chronobiology, or the relationship of humans to time The title comes from the late British prime minister Winston Churchill's practice—even at the height of the Second World War—of slotting a nap into his hectic schedule. Campbell says that Churchill napped because in early afternoon the upper hand in the contest for biological control often reverts to the ancestral clock—one that developed hundreds of thousands of years ago as humanity's ancestors retreated from the early afternoon heat. With such anecdotes, Campbell shows how 20th-century men and women are still moved by the fundamental rhythms they inherited.

Finally, a book of essays that is essential medicine for the nuclear era: *The Future of Immortality and Other Essays for a Nuclear Age* (Fitzhenry & Whiteside) by eminent American psychiatrist Robert Jay Lifton Four of the essays deal with doctors who served the Nazis, experimenting on fellow human beings By a mental process Lifton calls "doubling," the medics convinced themselves that they were decent citizens doing an important job—repressing the knowledge that they were actually engaged in murder Does the modern world, in which nuclear weapons are considered normal, have more in common with the Nazi doctors than it would ever dream? Lifton offers no direct answer, but readers of his penetrating book will doubtless supply their own.

—GEORGE TOMBS, DON CUMMING, S.G PERRY, JOHN BEMROSE



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THE THANATOS SYNDROME
By Walker Percy
(Collins, 372 pages, $25.95)

A medical protagonist is a very convenient literary device. Like lawyers and priests, doctors hear more than most people about pain and conflict. Their suffering patients often undress psychologically as well as physically, disclosing secrets in socially permitted safety. The central figure of Walker Percy's new novel, *The Thanatos Syndrome*, is Tom More, a Freudian psychiatrist. Like his namesake, Sir Thomas More—the author of *Utopia* who was beheaded by Henry VIII in 1535 for his religious principles—Tom is a Roman Catholic and an aristocrat, or at least a southern gentleman. Tom has also run afoul of the law: the book opens with his release from a prison, where he has spent two years for dealing soft drugs. But it quickly develops into a humorous and well-crafted novel of ideas.



Percy: a world devoid of conflict and moral dilemmas

Returning to his Louisiana home town, Tom finds that his wife, a successful real estate developer, has become a sexy, silly, bridge-playing automaton. A former patient of Tom's is similarly afflicted. Sensing a pattern, he teams up with his young cousin Lucy, a tough-minded epidemiologist, they discover that the region's water supply has been spiked with radioactive chemicals that eliminate tension—as well as the awareness of moral dilemmas and the ability to use complex language. Instead, it heightens sexual appetite and simplifies intellectual responses. A couple of local physicians are involved in the plot, while shadowy government agencies hover in the background.

Percy's concern as a novelist is with the limits of technology and the spurious promise of life without pain or dilemma. He is particularly concerned with the reduction of medicine and psychiatry to the biochemical manipulation of the patient's body. Through Tom—who refuses to join the plotters despite threats and bribes—Percy reasserts the value of the physician as spiritual healer—the doctor's ancient, almost priestly role. By invoking Thomas More, the author of *Utopia*, Percy is arguing that divorced from Christian values, a man-made utopia will—despite its benevolent intentions—be dangerous and evil. Indeed, any manmade utopia must be imperfect because it is human.

The book blends two superficially opposed ideologies, Catholicism and classical Freudian psychoanalysis, original sin and original id. But priest and physician, healer and shaman, have often been one and the same. For Percy, the good pain of inescapable human struggle is preferable to the quick fix of drugs and fashionable therapies. But while the novel raises profound questions, it is not itself profound. It is too programmatic, with characters who are ciphers in a good-versus-evil morality tale. Boiled down to its bones, *The Thanatos Syndrome* is a seductive conservative vision. Love of land, family and respect for authority fuel the best elements of his book: tactile descriptions of the Mississippi Delta, its fishing, its food, its dialects and eccentric residents, black and white.

But Percy gives no weight to the darker side of conservatism—its blinkered clinging to the past, its pessimism and authoritarianism. Percy's writing and his protagonist, Tom More, are both so attractive that they demand a careful, critical response.

—VIVIAN M. RAKOFF

Dr. Rakoff is director of Toronto's Clarke Institute of Psychiatry

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BOOKS

Loot and illusion

NORTHERN ENTERPRISE
FIVE CENTURIES OF
CANADIAN BUSINESS
By Michael Bliss
(McClelland and Stewart, 640 pages, $39.95)

Books about Canadian economic history are usually eye-glazers, burdened by endless debate over tariff walls, Keynesian formulas and drab Scottish Presbyterian autocrats. But with *Northern Enterprise*, Michael Bliss has crafted an entertaining account of the past five centuries viewed through a business prism. The book is a fast-paced collage of facts, anecdotes and parallels that may be all a reader ever needs to know about the evolution of Canadian business.

Bliss, a University of Toronto history professor and a business writer, combines an academic's rigor with a journalist's eye for controversy. Drawing almost exclusively from previously published material, including his own books, he presents little original research. His strong suits are an accessible writing style—and unorthodox conclusions.

"Canadians," he writes, "have a tendency to assume that the fur trade and its companies were of vast economic importance. They were not." Indeed, Bliss argues that if the Hudson's Bay Co. had not survived, "England would not have missed it." The fur trade myth is only one of several widely accepted notions to which he lays waste. Of another Canadian sacred cow, the Canadian Pacific Railway, Bliss contends, "If the CPR had gone bankrupt during construction or if it had not been built until the mid or late 1890s, the broad history of western Canadian development would not have been greatly different."

The main premise of Bliss's work is equally provocative—that Canada has consistently overestimated the value and extent of its natural wealth. As a result, he says, the nation will never be the economic powerhouse its citizens imagine it will be. He also challenges the view that Canadians would be much wealthier if only the businessmen among them had been more enterprising. Instead, Bliss declares that Canada has been handicapped by the difficulty of "making the wilderness bloom" and

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by the great expectations of Canadians and their governments.

Throughout its history, the country's industrial expansion has outrun its markets, leaving a litter of failed plants and overbuilt empires. Attempts to force the pace of Canadian development, he says, have "tended to burden Canadian business and Canadians generally with very high costs."

To reach his conclusions, Bliss barrels through 500 years of economic life, beginning with fishermen working the Atlantic coasts during the 1490s. He draws a detailed portrait of an emerging nation coping with the pace of change and the competitive scramble. And he notes the profusion of coddled businessmen who schemed to rid themselves of what he calls the "the ugly heart of competition" through price-fixing, monopolies and protectionism.

The book contains colorful profiles of the nation's business giants—including Max Aitken, later Lord Beaverbrook, who even on his honeymoon could not resist buying an electric company, 417 acres of land and a railway franchise. But if Bliss portrays the builders, promoters and scoundrels of Canadian business in a generally admiring way, his assessment of government economic policies is harsh. The tendency to overestimate the potential of the country's natural resources, he says, has produced fatally wrongheaded decisions. Politicians who thought they knew more about business than businessmen were responsible for a series of blunders, from the National Policy of 1879, which Bliss says fostered "distorted, hothouse growth in manufacturing that had often harmful consequences," to the National Energy Program of 1980, which "stimulated Canadian buyouts of foreign oil interests at the highest prices of the century."

As for the future, Bliss makes a forceful argument for free trade, saying that Canadian business will have "less place to hide" from the world. In the mid-1980s, he writes, "The country had to stop believing it could become a second United States and realize that its best hope was to emulate the Scandinavian countries in their relationship to Europe. Specialize, exploit comparative advantage, choose quality instead of quantity, let culture grow in the fresh air of economic freedom." A resurgence of protectionism would cause Canada's comparative living standard to fall—making it the "one sure prescription for the eventual failure of the Canadian experiment in nationality." Bliss makes a compelling argument, but it may be one of those hard lessons that only history can teach.

—PATRICIA BEST



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Cannes celebrities (left) Catherine Deneuve and Yves Montand with companion, Elizabeth Taylor and George Hamilton

FILMS

Canadian gems at a glittery festival

A full moon was rising over the Mediterranean. The gentle wind blowing in from Africa added a tropical accent to the air. And under the striped canopies of the Carlton Hotel's beach-side patio at Cannes, France, champagne flowed as tuxedoed men and sequined women toasted an international triumph by Canada's film industry. At the gala party, a $25,000 affair hosted by the federal and provincial film-funding agencies, there was ample cause for exhilaration. Last week two Canadian movies—Ontario's *I've Heard the Mermaids Singing* and Quebec's *Un Zoo la nuit* (*A Zoo at Night*)—created a sensation among critics and distributors. Getting attention is what Cannes is all about, and this year the Canadians have it.

Now celebrating its 40th birthday, the annual Cannes extravaganza is the world's most glamorous film festival. It is also the movie industry's busiest marketplace, a frenzied seaside carnival where cinematic art, B-movie fodder and bare-breasted starlets all vie for public notice. Last year Cannes suffered a slump as the threat of terrorism kept the stars at home, leaving hordes of paparazzi wondering where to point their cameras. But during last week's anniversary festivities, Cannes regained its composure with visits by celebrities such as Diana, Princess of Wales. However, for those who were at the festival to watch movies rather than stars, two low-budget features by a pair of unknown Canadian film-makers caused the greatest stir.

Un Zoo, a feature debut by Montreal director Jean-Claude Lauzon, received a thunderous standing ovation. An almost identical outpouring of enthusiasm greeted the opening of *Mermaids*, the work of another first-time feature director, Toronto-based Patricia Rozema. Said British distributor Romaine Hart, who helped put Australian cinema on the map in the early 1980s: "The Australians had all the attention before, but the new producers of interesting products are the Canadians—and we're buying them."



Director Jean-Claude Lauzon (centre), standing ovation

Both *Un Zoo* and *Mermaids* premièred as part of the festival's prestigious Directors' Fortnight series. And at week's end, both were strong candidates for the international critics' prize, won last year by another low-budget Canadian entry, Quebec director Denys Arcand's *Decline of the American Empire*. Last week distributors quickly snapped up the rights to the new Canadian movies. *Un Zoo*, a disturbingly violent and erotic thriller set in Montreal's underworld—and made for a mere $1.9 million—has already been sold to a dozen countries.

Mermaids, a stylized fantasy about a romance between two women working for an art gallery, has already racked up sales almost double its $350,000 bud-

get—and secured American distribution. The massive acclaim heaped on the small film stunned its director. "Everything is crazy here," said Rozema. "With all this buying and selling frenzy, it's difficult to keep a cool head."

Aside from winning accolades for its art, Canada has also played a role in bringing Hollywood glamor to Cannes. Toronto-based Cineplex Odeon Films president Garth Drabinsky was responsible for dragging a reluctant Paul Newman to the festival—and introducing him to a star-hungry pack of journalists. The Oscar-winning actor directed a screen version of Tennessee Williams's play *The Glass Menagerie*, which Drabinsky's company cofinanced and will distribute in North America. Drabinsky, the most influential Canadian in the Hollywood studio system, even became a target for Newman's jokes: "Garth is testifying in the Iran-contra scandal tomorrow," the actor said. "You know that $8 million in a Swiss bank account? Garth's got it."

Although Canada's presence at Cannes was more tangible than ever, Hollywood's traditional icons reigned supreme, with Elizabeth Taylor as the undisputed queen. She was one of several stars invited to a red-carpet ceremony marking the Cannes anniversary. Before thousands of onlookers and an honor guard on horseback, celebrities filed into the festival headquarters to watch a film about the festival's history. But the screening was delayed because Taylor had not arrived. The theatre audience grew impatient. The honor guard's horses got restless. And when the queen of Cannes finally alighted from her limousine 20 minutes late, like Cleopatra riding into Rome, the crowd booed.

Cannes offers rare extremes of vulgarity and refinement. One Canadian who seemed to embody both aspects at once was 32-year-old director Lauzon. After the première of *Un Zoo*, he told reporters that as a teenager he had more than a passing familiarity with the world of drug dealing and homosexuality portrayed in his film. While admitting to having a girlfriend, he said, "If a telephone pole excites me someday, I'll have a relationship with it." Courted by admirers of both sexes at Cannes, Lauzon found that partying left no time for sleep. After one all-nighter, he gave a bleary-eyed interview on the beach. "I have been overwhelmed by Cannes," he told *Maclean's*. "It's like hard-drug experience, fast-forward living. After 12 weeks of editing in a dark room and now this frenzy, I must get back to Montreal—and reality."

—BRIAN D. JOHNSON with MADELEINE CZIGLER in Cannes



Beatty, Hoffman: a pair of inept 'smucks' with the Laurel and Hardy spirit

Midnight at the oasis

ISHTAR
Directed by Elaine May

Warren Beatty and Dustin Hoffman clearly enjoyed playing opposite each other in *Ishtar*: their latest film is possibly the funniest $50-million movie ever made. Chuck Clarke (Hoffman) and Lyle Rogers (Beatty) are hopelessly inept songwriters and performers facing unemployment in New York. "My life isn't that bad," says Chuck, rationalizing his lack of success. "I just have a lot of pain." Out of desperation, they accept a booking in Morocco. That leads them to Ishtar, a fictional country on the brink of civil war. It also leads them into a series of utterly absurd adventures, in which they are mistaken for spies, shot at by an assortment of bumbling international agents and left to die in the desert. Although *Ishtar* has been compared by industry insiders to the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby road movies, it is much closer in spirit to a Laurel and Hardy classic, *Sons of the Desert*.

Screenwriter-director Elaine May's plot is incredible, but in *Ishtar* plot is a clothesline on which to string a series of often brilliant vignettes. In one hilarious scene, Chuck and Lyla try to lead a blind camel through a bazaar. In another, Chuck composes a song for a couple celebrating their 53rd wedding anniversary and sings it at their party in a New York restaurant; it turns out to be all about wills and funeral arrangements.

May's brand of satire has always been rather dark, from her comedy-team days with Mike Nichols to her play *Enough Rope*, about a woman who repeatedly makes unsuccessful suicide attempts. The threat of suicide also has a part in *Ishtar*. Deserted by his wife, Chuck walks out on the ledge of his apartment building. His mother (Rose Arrick) arrives with the police and tries to convince him to return to safety by singing, badly, inspirational lines from *Tomorrow*, the hit from the musical *Annie*. But it takes Lyle's crazy logic to lure Chuck back. "You'd rather have nothing," Lyle argues, "than settle for less."

Despite the differences between Hoffman and Beatty, Chuck and Lyle share a schoolboy's ingenuousness and a soft spot for Ishtarian revolutionary Shirra Assel (Isabelle Adjani). And both actors display a similar comic style, alternately droll and incredulous. Two gifted performers, they obviously relish playing the fool. "Smuck," says the WASP Lyle when infuriated, while Chuck keeps correcting him—"schmuck." Nonsensical and forgivably mindless, *Ishtar* is a giddy romp—and a deliciously appropriate way to inaugurate summer.

—LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

THEATRE

Satan with a sword

Like a proud parent half-amazed at what his offspring has accomplished, Toronto playwright George F. Walker regards the success of *Zastrozzi* with a bemused eye. After all, the bearded, soft-spoken 39-year-old has written about 20 other dramas, many with the same driving wit and vivid imagination on display in *Zastrozzi*. But while Walker's other plays, including *Ramona and the White Slaves* and *Criminals in Love*, have earned him a devoted Canadian audience, only *Zastrozzi* has made its way around the world. In the 10 years since it was written, the robust melodrama has been performed—and lavishly praised—in Canada, the United States, England, Australia and New Zealand. A French translation has been produced, and Japanese and Portuguese versions are in the works. But for Canadians who missed earlier productions of *Zastrozzi*, the play's current revival at Toronto's Factory Theatre holds a special interest—a rare chance to see a version directed by Walker himself.

The secret of *Zastrozzi*'s fame is not hard to divine. On its most literal level it is grand entertainment, a swashbuckling 19th-century-style melodrama with a clean story line featuring lots of sword fights and acid-tongued repartee. But the play is also a penetrating study of the mysterious relationship between good and evil. Zastrozzi, the master criminal of Europe, has set out cold-bloodedly to murder Verezzi, an artist he sneeringly describes as "the Christian, the great lover, the optimist." But Verezzi's supposed virtue is entirely bogus: he is not only a coward but deeply selfish. Symbolically, he stands for the hollowness of conventional morality, while the killer Zastrozzi is the demonic power that such weakness and hypocrisy inevitably attract. *Zastrozzi* is very much a play for modern times, when "civilized" societies of educated people murder millions in gas chambers and hoard weapons capable of destroying the planet. Ultimately, Zastrozzi and Verezzi personify warring halves of the contemporary mind.

Evil as he is, Zastrozzi is strangely attractive. And his energy and passionate, irony-laced speeches make the role irresistible for actors. One of Walker's favorite Zastrozzis was Colin Friels, the Australian actor who recently starred in the film *Kangaroo*. Friels appeared in a 1985 production of the play in Sydney, Australia, which Walker claims enlightened him about the drama's possibilities. "Colin brought a kind of gutter sensuality to the role," Walker says. "He made me want to do the play again, making it as visceral and down-to-earth as possible."



Susan and Michael Hogan: swashbuckling melodrama

For his Factory Theatre version, Walker chose Michael Hogan, an actor who combines the animal presence, clarity and comic timing needed to do justice to his diabolical hero. Still, viewers of earlier versions of the play are bound to compare Hogan with past Zastrozzis. Indeed, Walker says that three actors who previously played the role attended the current production's dress rehearsal, intently watching Hogan's every move.

Walker hopes that his own interpretation of *Zastrozzi* will help erase the memory of some earlier productions, including one in New York. There, the director insisted that the script could not be given a humorous interpretation, as a result, the play had the solemnity of a memorial service. Walker's own production plays the jokes to the hilt, drawing on the comic talents of a cast—including Hogan's wife, Susan—that he considers ideal.

But for all his enthusiasm about the revival, Walker admits that directing it has been a strain. "I wake up every morning feeling I've got a tractor on my chest," he says. The experience has also rekindled the state of mind in which Walker wrote the play, when he was obsessed with its images without fully understanding what they meant. Still, it is also obvious that he enjoys *Zastrozzi*'s latest incarnation. "I look forward to renewing that nightly contract with the audience," he says. "What will happen? How will Zastrozzi affect the viewers? And how will they affect him?" *Zastrozzi* may be a sursfire hit, but for its creator it is the very uncertainty of the theatrical experience that imparts the essential edge.

—JOHN BEMROSE

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1 **Windmills of the Gods**, *Sheldon (1)*
2 **Fine Things**, *Steel (2)*
3 **The Radiant Way**, *Drabble (4)*
4 **The Eyes of the Dragon**, *King (3)*
5 **Destiny**, *Beauman (5)*
6 **Winter Bawk**, *Thomas (6)*
7 **Whirlwind**, *Clavell (7)*
8 **The Ladies of Missalonghi**, *McCullough (10)*
9 **The Panic of '89**, *Erdman (9)*
10 **Haunted Mesa**, *L'Amour*

NONFICTION

1 **Close Pursuit**, *Stroud (1)*
2 **More Advice from the Back Doctor**, *Hall (4)*
3 **Boone**, *Pickens (3)*
4 **The "I" of the Hurricane**, *McNeil (5)*
5 **The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys**, *Goodwin (6)*
6 **Controlling Interest: Who Owns Canada?**, *Francis (7)*
7 **His Way: The Unauthorized Biography of Frank Sinatra**, *Kelley (2)*
8 **Hot Money**, *Naylor (10)*
9 **Ottawa Unbuttoned**, *McIntosh*
10 **Uneasy Lies the Head**, *Stewart*

() Position last week

—Compiled by Frances McNeely

COLUMN

The heights of mediocrity



By Allan Fotheringham

Every city has a specific personality, exuded through the look it has accumulated over the years. New York is aggressive, its thrusting towers the most powerful evidence. Paris is seductive. London is comfy. Moscow is not just ugly, it brandishes its ughness. San Francisco is narcissistic and Chicago is, well, broad-shouldered.

We are what we build, our architecture an extension of our character. And so it is useful to observe the recent orgy of excitement in Toronto, the natives palpitating because they are finally going to achieve the modern-day measurement of maturity—a sports stadium that, as with cathedrals and art galleries in more civilized eras, signifies greatness. Toronto, chafing ever since Montreal and then Vancouver preceded it into these expensive playpens some time ago, is convinced it can recapture leadership of the nation with a sweaty sandbox that will be used mainly for American mercenaries to play baseball and perhaps a dozen football games a year. Sixteen judges, all with the wisdom of Solomon, have just sifted through 12,879 suggested names for the joint to come up with the stunningly mundane winner: the Skydome.



This demonstrates imagination of unparalleled sweep. It perhaps surpasses two of the other entries (Meet-Ball Dome and Con-Dome), but is a depressing start for what is supposed to be a unique project, like none other in the universe. If Skydome is all Toronto can come up with, following such snoozers as Houston's Astrodome and Seattle's Kingdome, we begin to doubt the ingenious nature of the design.

What has been erected so far, in this country's ventures into climatically controlled arenas, reflects perfectly the personality of the cities involved. Montreal's Big Owe, a monument to extravagance, is a perfect extension of the Québécois spirit—a beautiful structure to the eye that doesn't quite work on practical terms. Jean Drapeau, a man who dreams dreams while others muddle their minds with simple sewer systems, chose France's Roger Taillibert to design the stadium mainly because Montreal's mayor wanted his own Eiffel Tower, which would then outlive him. The fact that the imperious Taillibert had no experience in ever building anything subject to Montreal's winter weather of course was of little consequence. Drapeau was a genius and Taillibert was a genius and the result—naturally—was a fiasco.

Eleven years after scheduled, the drooping cloth roof that is supposed to be retractable finally covers the drafty stadium. Well, almost. There are still gaps where the drapery hanging from the famous sloped tower doesn't meet the concrete rim of the Big Sew and an additional skirt is required. All very Montreal: elusive, skittersh, hard to fathom, stylish as ever—in concrete as in lace.

Vancouver was the second Canadian city to venture into the arena, so to speak, with the country's first indoor stadium. This demonstrates perfectly the essential mood of the inhabitants of the world's second-most-beautiful city: a distaste—a fear, actually—for discomfort. That's why they live in Vancouver. Since life is so copacetic, so soothing and balm to the soul, there is no earthly reason why anyone should have to suffer cold, or damp, or perspiration, while watching a sporting event. Those hunks on the field are paid to suffer: there is no reason why a spectator should.

British California, as she is known, has always suffered from an Edifice Complex ever since the completion of the CPR was the condition for the province entering Confederation. Wacky Bennett endured for 20 years on the promise of big dams, big railways, big highways, his son, Premier MiniWac, exulted in personally pushing through the Teflon-domed stadium (kept aloft by the hot air of his own voters) before proud Toronto could wake up to the fact.

So now the Big Lemon, somewhat shamefacedly, is digging a hole beside the CN Tower so it can enter the ranks, years late but convinced in its ineffable humility that it has reinvented the wheel. The Skydome is supposedly completely retractable, rather like a clamshell folding in on itself, a perfect description for a Toronto resident when you ask for an opinion.

A retractable enclosed stadium expresses, as nothing else could, the nature of the city. The removable roof is to allow in the sun, since baseball as invented can only be enjoyed outdoors. But the turf is to be artificial, which means it ain't really baseball but a bowling alley painted green, where all the bounces are true and the line drives skid like ricochets off the side pocket. Richie Allen, the philosopher late of the Chicago White Sox, said it best: "If a horse can't eat it, I don't want to play on it." Toronto is building a hotel into the stadium upper seats, enabling heavy-ticket customers to sit in their rooms, or possibly their showers, while watching the double play and the hit-and-run. This fits with the above-expressed theory Toronto's chagrined attempt to catch up with Montreal and Vancouver has nothing to do with sport. It is an attempt to out-opulent opulence.

The city at the moment has the worst ball park in major league baseball. In its fervid desire to catch up, it is not designing a sports stadium. It is providing for expense-account types a chance to boast about catching a foul ball in the bathtub. It's a city built on boasts.

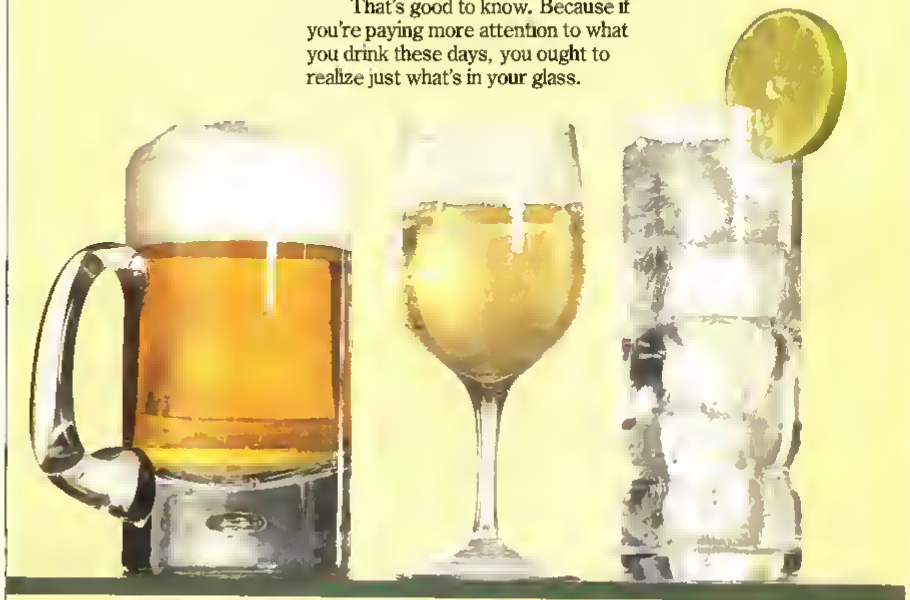
Skydome? Is there no poet left in the land?

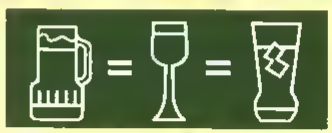
Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for Southam News.

DIFFERENT. BUT EQUAL.

Appearances can be deceiving. Beer, wine and spirits look different, but they're identical in this basic way: **12 oz. of regular beer, 5 oz. of table wine and 1½ oz. of spirits all contain the same amount of alcohol.***

That's good to know. Because if you're paying more attention to what you drink these days, you ought to realize just what's in your glass.





*Equivalence based on beer at 5% alc./vol., wine at 12% alc./vol., spirits at 40% alc./vol.

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